

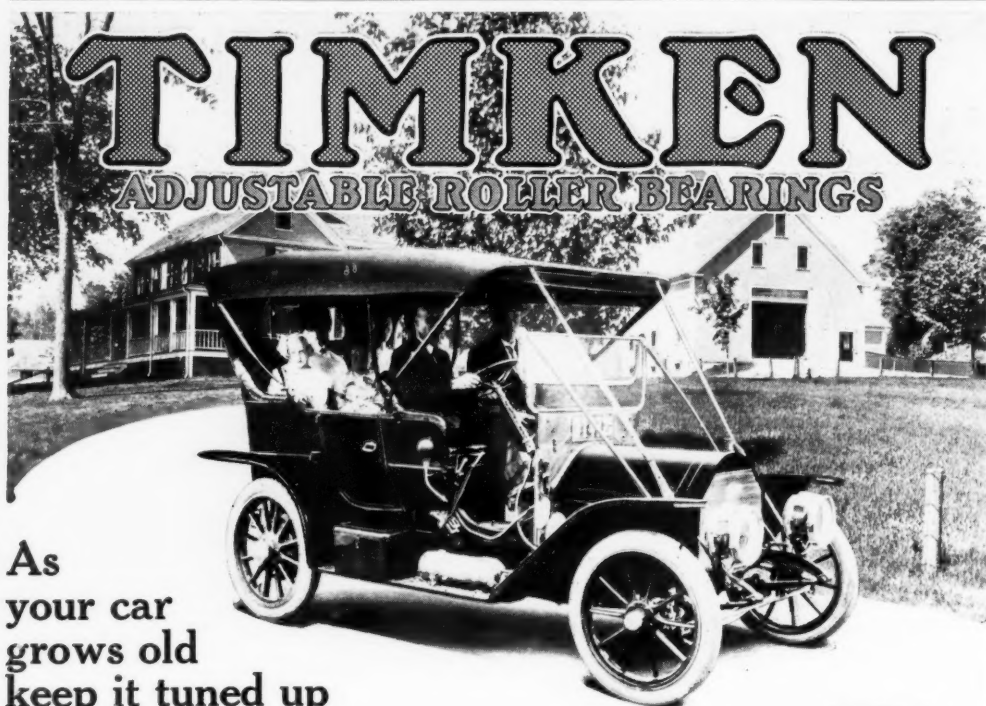
July 2, 1914

# Life

PRICE 10 CENTS  
Vol. 64, No. 1654. July 9, 1914  
Copyright, 1914, Life Publishing Company



"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOT"



As  
your car  
grows old  
keep it tuned up

Retain its smoothness, its quietness and comfort. Retain its quick response, its effective power—its dependability. You bought it for these qualities—keep them in the car as it grows old in your service.

Tune up your motor, adjust the carburetor for weather and varying qualities of gasoline. Adjust the steering gear. Adjust the brakes.

And don't forget to adjust the bearings. For all bearings wear same as other moving parts and need adjustment if you are to keep the full power and efficiency of your car.

### Inside Knowledge That Will Help You

**W**HEEL bearings must turn easily of course—to eliminate friction. But they must fit snugly too—to prevent wheels from wobbling.

As bearings wear—all bearings do—they get loose. A little looseness allows the pound that makes faster and faster wear—more and more looseness.

Bearings on shafts that support gears—transmission, driving and differential gears—when they wear (as all bearings do) allow the shafts to drop slightly out of line. The gears on those shafts get slightly out of correct mesh. Imperfectly meshed gears make noise and waste some of the power.

The trouble goes on at an increasing rate unless promptly checked by adjusting a type of bearing that can take up looseness when it develops.

Use of steels best adapted for bearings, extreme accuracy of manufacture, strict following of heat-treatment formulas developed by years devoted to concentrated study of bearings alone—these are producing bearing parts that have wonderful wear-resisting qualities.

And yet bearings—all bearings—do wear.

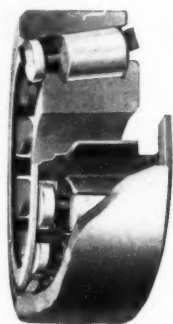
The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing is the one type of bearing that can be adjusted to completely eliminate the effects of its slight wear.

The Timken Tapered Roller Bearing carries the load and resists the shocks along the lines of its rollers instead of on the points of balls; its tapered construction enables it to meet side pressure and shocks in addition to direct load; its line contact distributes pressure and hence minimizes wear—these are three great principles that are kept in constant operation for your benefit by the fourth great principle of adjustability.

And beyond keeping the Timken Bearing itself always at full efficiency its great principle of adjustability keeps the shafts and gears up to their top-notch efficiency.

You can see how important it is to have adjustable bearings in your car if you are to retain its effectiveness as a power vehicle—as it grows old in your service.

Other interesting facts about bearings are told in the Timken Primer No. H-1 "On the Care and Character of Bearings" which, with the Timken Primer No. H-2 "On the Anatomy of Automobile Axles," will be sent free, post-paid, on request to either Timken Company.



Timken Bearing partly cut away to show construction.



If wear occurs, leaving slight space between cup and roller, adjustment can be made by moving the cup or cone in the direction of the arrows.

As 1-2 and 3-4 always remain exactly parallel, the adjustment brings the different surfaces into perfect line-contact, and no principle of the bearing's efficiency is impaired.



JILL-IN-THE-BOX

### A Union for Drifters

**A** UNION for drifters having been suggested, it became highly desirable where to draw the line, in order that nobody who was really doing anything of importance should get in. To define the status of all drifters was, therefore, necessary.

The committee appointed to decide this matter thereupon handed in the following definition:

**DRIFTER**—Anyone who drifts, as a woman without anything to do but ride in an auto and play bridge; college students; young unmarried girls with wealthy parents; kalsomined women who sit in the parlors of fashionable hotels; brokers; Congressmen; delegates; amateur authors; see also suburbs, woman's clubs and pleasure resorts.

The union for drifters then having been formed, and the hours for drifting having been settled, the above definition was unanimously adopted. Union cards were given out to members, and all outsiders rigorously excluded.

"De man dat insists on tellin' all he knows," said Uncle Eben, "keeps hisse'f so busy talkin' dat he don't git a chance to git much real info'mation."

—Washington Star.



THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO., CANTON, O.  
THE TIMKEN-DETROIT AXLE CO., DETROIT, MICH.



Every Timken Bearing, large or small, is of just one Timken quality through and through

### Male Help Wanted

**W**ANTED—Male Help. Owing to recent tendencies in New York religious circles, we can offer attractive positions as ushers in Fifth Avenue churches. No namby-pamby need apply. In addition to immaculate apparel, applicants must be stalwart and muscular, able to cope with and eject at a moment's notice all disturbers, such as I. W. W. men, visiting clergy who desire to ask questions of officiating pastors, and the like. Must be able to distinguish objectionable intruders from money-changers and other desirable communicants. Steady employment and plenty of excitement. Nominal salary may be eked out through tips on the stock market inadvertently revealed by wealthy members of the congregation who talk in their sleep during the services. Address Religious Supply and Employment Concern,

## THE BILTMORE

### NEW YORK

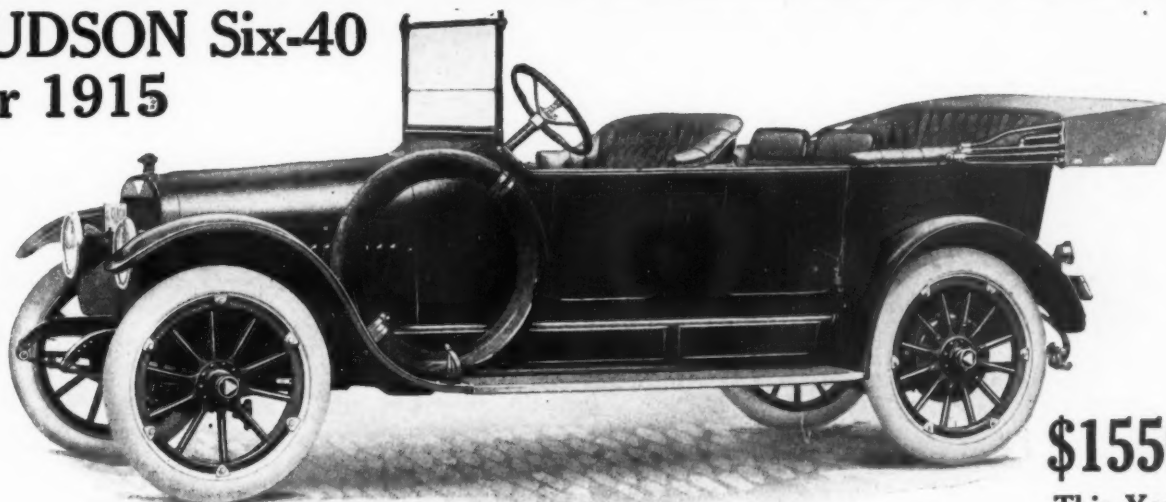
**America's Latest and Most Refined,  
and New York's Centermost Hotel**

Only hotel occupying an entire city block. Vanderbilt and Madison Aves., 43d and 44th Sts., adjoining Grand Central Terminal

1000 rooms, 950 with bath—  
Rates from \$2.50 per day.  
Suites from 2 to 15 rooms for permanent occupancy. Large and small ball, banquet and dining salons and suites specially arranged for public or private functions.

Gustav Baumann, Pres.  
John McE. Bowman Vice-Pres.

## HUDSON Six-40 For 1915



**\$1550**  
This Year

# The Model Car

The HUDSON Six-40 for 1915 comes, we believe, pretty close to your model car. It reveals all the latest refinements. In big things and little, you will find it the typical modern car.

Most of you, for ten years, have watched Howard E. Coffin develop new standards in motor car designing. And his every innovation has led closer to your ideals.

The new-model HUDSON is the fruition. He and his 47 engineers have devoted four years to it. Men recognized it instantly as the coming type of car, and they ordered last year 3,000 more than we could build. Premiums as high as \$200 were offered to obtain it.

Now comes the 1915 model with 31 refinements. We have trebled our output to cope with demands, and that lessens our cost \$200 per car. **So last year's price of \$1,750 is this year reduced to \$1,550.**

### Men's Changed Desires

Once the ideal was an oversize car, big, impressive and powerful. Now modest size is wanted. This HUDSON Six shows 47 horsepower—enough for any requirement. The 123-inch wheel-base gives ample room for the two extra tonneau seats.

Once the finest cars were heavy. But men knew less then about proper materials, and less about designing. Here is a car, as staunch as heavy old-timers, but weighing 2,890 pounds. By better materials and greater skill, we have saved you the weight of a car-full of people. Yet we have even added strength.

Once, in the best cars, operative cost was extravagant. Few men could stand the tax. Here, by matchless lightness and a new-type motor, we have made it very small.

Once the desirable cars were costly—way beyond the reach of the many. Today,

this Six costs you but \$1,550. Three years ago, not a Six was built to sell at less than twice that.

### New Artistic Features

We have gained as much in luxury and art. Compare this exquisite HUDSON Six-40 with the cars of two years back. Note the flowing, unbroken lines, the excellent body finish, the hand-buffed upholstery, the invisible hinges—the countless touches which show infinite pains.

This car looks the thoroughbred. You will find none handsomer, none better equipped, none with more comforts and conveniences than this.

### The Highest Type

The new HUDSON Six-40 in no way whatever sacrifices ideals to price. It is what we regard—what Mr. Coffin regards—as the highest type of a modern car.

In quality, beauty and equipment there is no way to excel it. In size and power it accords with present demands. Its lightness shows the finest materials and the highest skill in designing.

This is our masterpiece. The price is all the best need cost when built in enormous lots. If your tastes and your tendencies accord with the times, this is the car you'll want. For there is not, on these lines, a single rival in sight of it.

Phaeton, seating up to 7 passengers, \$1,550 f. o. b. Detroit.  
Standard Roadster, same price.

### Some 1915 Features

Two disappearing tonneau seats.  
Gasoline tank in dash.  
Extra tires ahead of front door.  
"One-Man" top, with quick-adjusting curtains attached.  
Dimming searchlights.  
All wiring in metal conduits.  
Both lights and ignition lock.  
Even better carburetion.  
Automatic spark advance.  
Tubular propeller shaft.  
Speedometer drives from transmission.  
Simplified Delco starting, lighting and ignition system.  
Wider seats—higher backs.

### New Hudson Six-54

We build this same model with a larger engine and a 135-inch wheel-base. It is for men who still want big, impressive cars, and who want the HUDSON features in them. The HUDSON Six-54 sells for \$2,350.

Hudson dealers everywhere have these new models on show. Go see them. New catalog on request.

**HUDSON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, 8043 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit, Mich.**





Ladies and Gentlemen: It gives me great pleasure to announce that next week the Highbrow Number of Life will be issued. As a long and distinguished contributor to Life, I can recommend this number to those who, like myself, are engaged in the solemn task of refining the American people up to my own intellectual atmosphere.

And, ladies and gentlemen, while I am on this extremely interesting subject, I might mention that a three months' subscription to Life may be obtained for one dollar, provided you are a new subscriber and don't live abroad or in Canada: in which case—but, Ahem! I was never good at figures. I refer you to the commercial-looking and vulgar coupon which will be found in the lower right-hand corner of this page.

Life is issued every Tuesday.  
Everywhere. Ten Cents.

SPECIAL OFFER—THREE MONTHS—ONE DOLLAR

Enclosed find One Dollar (Canadian \$1.13, Foreign \$1.20). Send LIFE for three months to

Open only to new subscribers; no subscription renewed at this rate.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York

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One Year \$5.00. (Canadian \$5.52, Foreign \$6.04)

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## The Days

THE days of the week met and talked things over.

"The question which we wish to discuss," said Monday, "is which of us does the most good for humanity."

"When anyone puts a question like that," said Saturday, "it means that he thinks he's it. But you won't do, Monday."

"No," said Friday and Thursday, "Monday won't do. He is abnormally melancholy."

"Not at all," said Monday, turning to Sunday. "On the contrary, I come after you, and generally feel good."

"Nonsense!" said Wednesday. "But to get down to business, I don't like the form of the question. I should rather say which one of us does the least harm."

"I had no idea," said Tuesday, "that you were such a pessimist. For my part, there is good and evil in all of us. Monday is too full of his own responsibility. He's always trying to get down to business, and never quite succeeding. I myself do a trifle better. Wednesday I have always admired for his disposition. He's well balanced. That's probably because he comes in the middle of the week. Thursday is reactionary. Friday here is always deprecating himself. That is because he eats too much fish. Saturday is our wicked companion. He leads everybody astray."

"You could hardly do without me,"

POWDER IN SHOES  
AS WELL AS GUNS

Foot-Ease to Be Added to Equipment of Hospital Corps at Fort Wayne

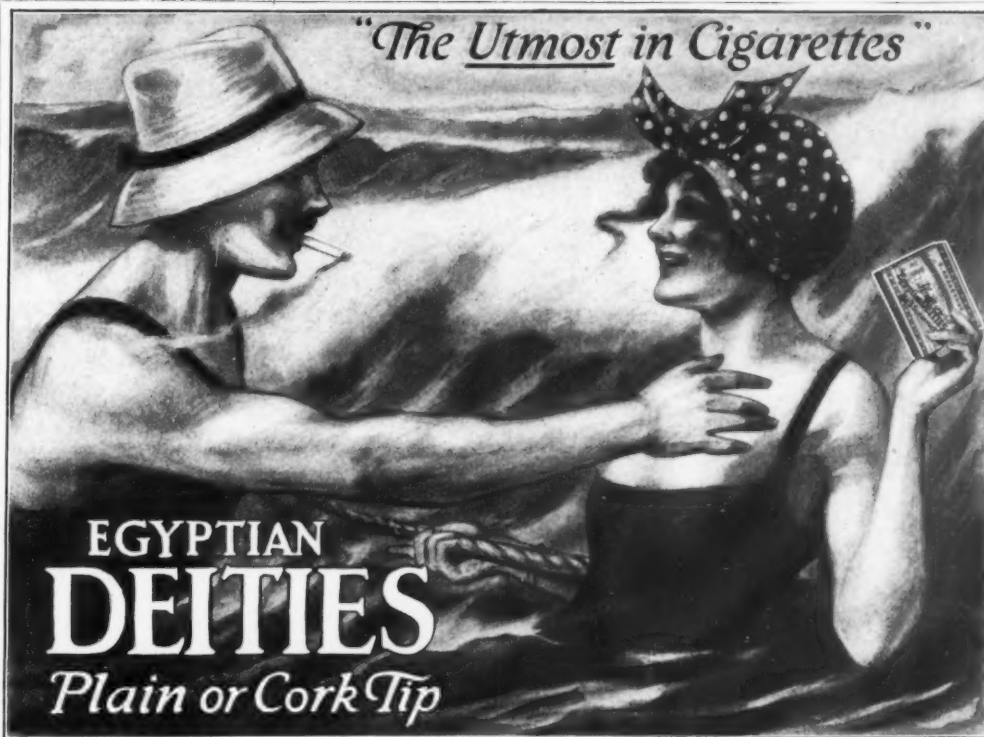
Under the above heading the Detroit Free Press, among other things, says:

"The theory is that soldiers whose feet are in good condition can walk further and faster than soldiers who have corns and bunions incased in rawhide.

The Government's foot powder order is regarded as the last word in the scientific outfitting of the defenders of the flag."

This foot powder, shaken in the shoes of soldiers, has long been in use in the German army, and Uncle Sam's adoption of this form of treating and easing the feet is in line with the expressions heard daily for more than twenty years, in all parts of the world, from millions of people who are shaking Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet, into their shoes, as the only practical and lasting treatment for easing and absolutely preventing sore feet. It can be obtained from dealers everywhere for 25c. or a trial package will be sent by mail free if you write to Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-



protested Saturday. "Don't I give everybody a good time?"

"Not any more, or so much as I do," retorted Sunday. "I used to be pretty bad, I'll admit, when I made everybody go to church and do their sacred duty. But we live and learn."

"The question can be determined easily. Suppose humanity had to choose only one day of us, or twenty-four hours, out of the whole bunch. Everything considered, which would he take?"

Everyone, except Tuesday, shouted, "Me!" Tuesday, the most logical, sensible and just day of all, was silent. The other days pressed her.

"Come!" they exclaimed, "we know you will not consider yourself. What do you say?"

"The answer is easy," replied Tuesday. "If the majority had to choose twenty-four hours they wouldn't take any whole day—they would take the last twelve hours of Saturday and the last twelve hours of Sunday and let it go at that."

## The Laborer and His Hire

Out in Oklahoma City they tell the story of a manufacturer who announced to his hands that if they would attend church at Easter he would see that they were pecuniarily rewarded. Naturally, all hands went to church; and the manufacturer, from his pew, surveyed his workmen with an air of pride. This, however, was mitigated by the appearance, after service, of the foreman, who said:

"The men want to know, if we come to church again to-night, do we get overtime?"—Harper's.



FOR CLEANING UP BANKS THERE IS  
NOTHING BETTER



**QUELQUES FLEURS**  
—HOUBIGANT

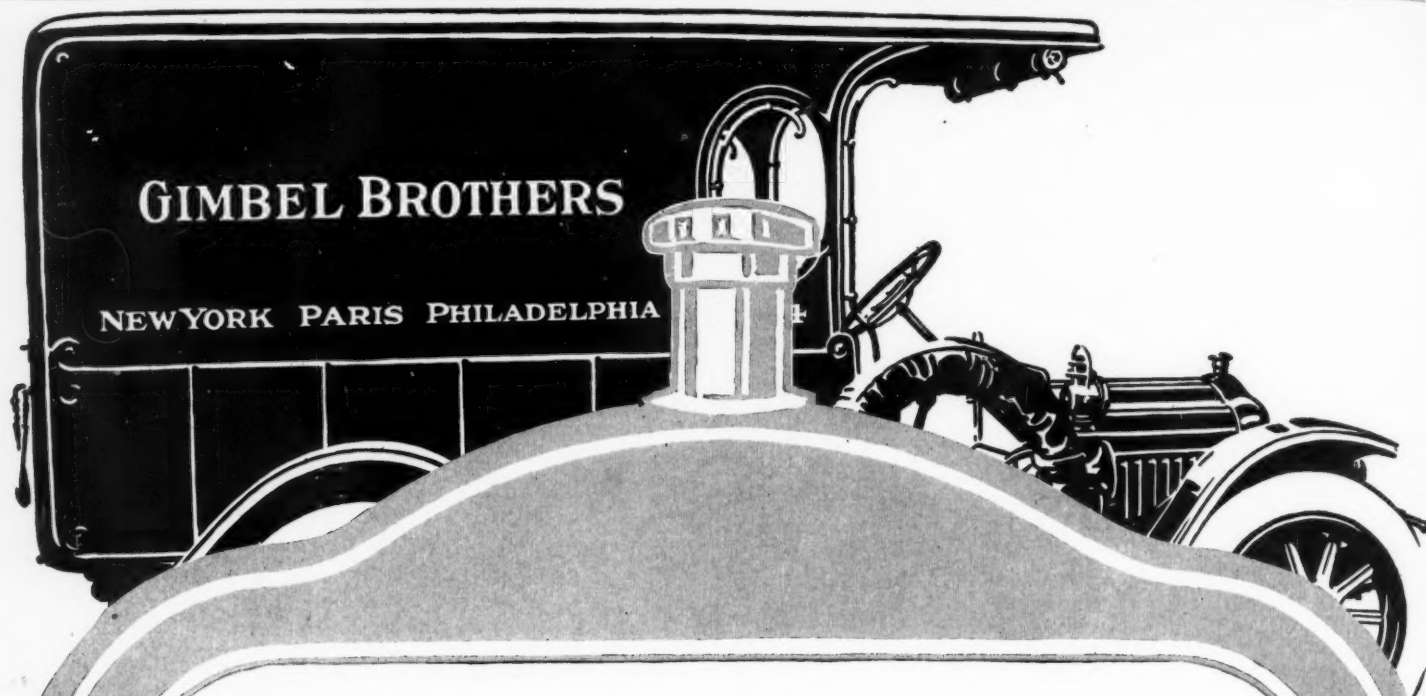
Herein the art of the perfumer achieves its very utmost. A truly delicate bouquet and a marvelously exquisite one!

At Leading Perfumers  
Send for Small Sample Bottle, 25c  
**HOUBIGANT** PARK & TILFORD, Agents, NEW YORK



## YOU CAN SLEEP

after sunrise, on your sleeping porch, or camping, if you wear a B. K. B. It fits comfortably over the eyes, will not fall off, and induces as well as prolongs sleep. Sent postpaid for 25 cents.  
**NIGHT MFG. CO., 6 Harvard Square, Cambridge, Mass.**



## PRESTIGE IN MOTOR TRUCKS

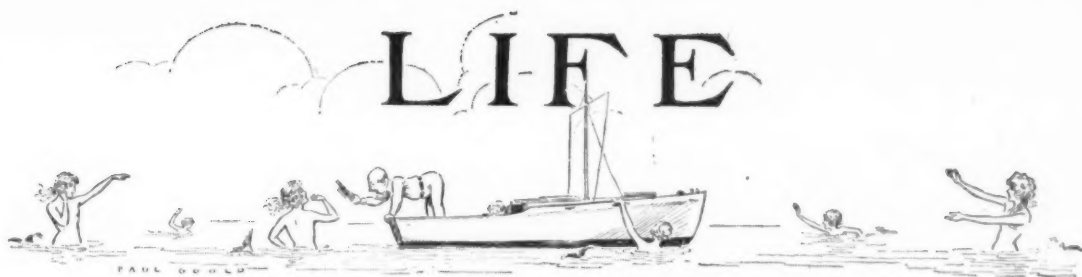
Business firms are frequently judged by their equipment. To adopt White Motor Trucks indicates that you are willing to pay the price necessary to possess the best. It effectively demonstrates the fact that you place best service above all consideration.

An important point of genuine satisfaction associated with the ownership of White Motor Trucks is this knowledge:

You are represented by those motor trucks that the majority of leading commercial establishments everywhere have, after thorough experimentation, selected for the completion of their motor truck fleets.

**THE WHITE**  **COMPANY**  
CLEVELAND

*Both in quantity and value of production, the largest manufacturers of commercial motor vehicles in America.*



### The Political Maxims of Congressman Sharp

**A**DMISSIONS are boomerangs.  
Sarcasm is safer than sanity.

When you get them on the run, head them for a hill.

Down with the spoils system, down (into our pockets)!

Folks will forget—it never failed yet.

Statesmanship, like any ship, arrives by tacking.

Oratory is a thick ambush.

Answer statistics with the broad principles of political economy.

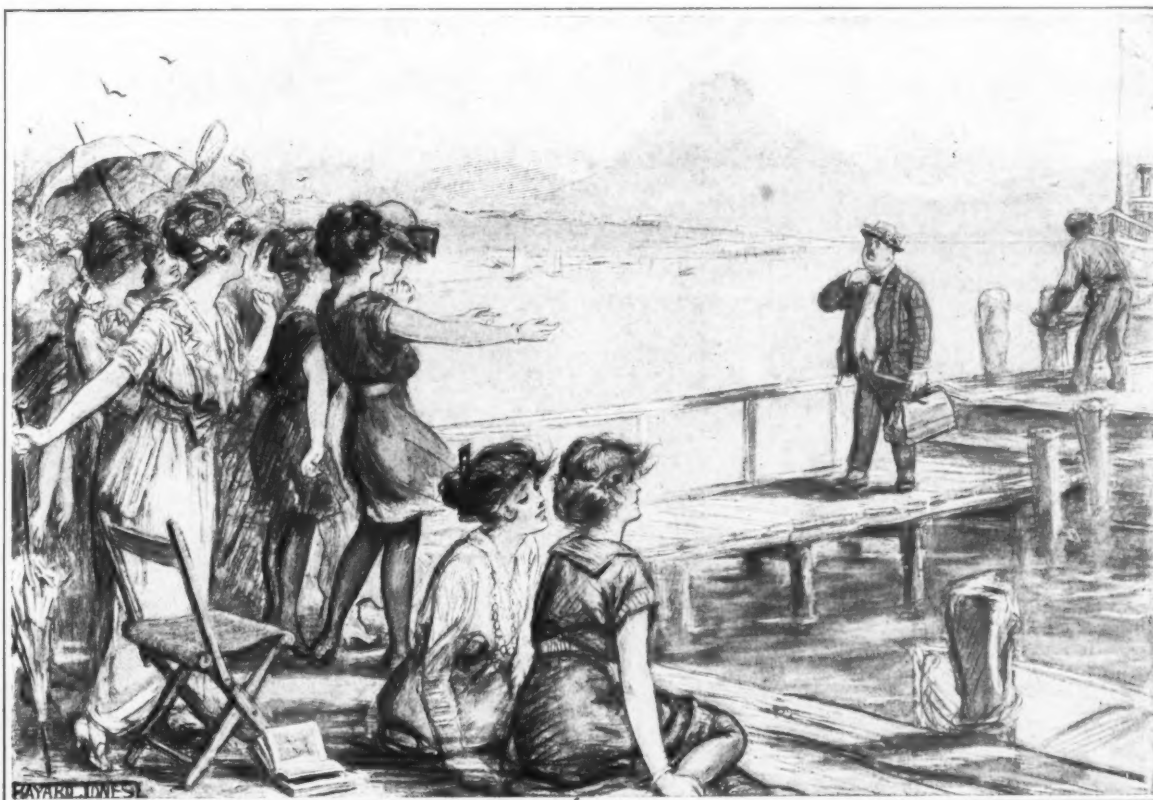
The proposals of the minority, seasoned with oblivion, make good planks for our platform.

Useful is the ally who says nothing; doubly useful if he talks all the time, still saying nothing.

Keep the business out of the record.

God bless our native land!

*Amos R. Wells.*



ALL HIS OWN



## Our Fresh Air Farm

FROM June until September LIFE's Farm, at Branchville, Conn., is a busy place. Children everywhere, and all for a good time. Every fortnight a party of about two hundred boys and girls are sent up for a two-weeks' outing.

The Farm was given to us by the late Edwin Gilbert, to be used for Fresh Air Work. It is a beautiful country place of fourteen acres, with orchard and playgrounds, tent and brook. The big house, barn and out-buildings have been fitted into dormitories, dining-room, etc.

The work has been entirely dependent on voluntary contributions since it started in 1887. The ex-

penditure last season for each child, including transportation—a heavy item—was only \$5.86. Still, the increased cost of food is bound to be felt where there are two hundred perfectly healthy appetites. Also, with many of our guests there are arrears of short rations to make up. The official account of the number of habitually underfed school children in New York City is appalling. The effect on the children themselves of a whole fortnight of abundant food and pure air is a pleasant sight. Our guests all want to come again, and do so year after year; but twelve is the age limit, although many twelfth birthdays are not officially celebrated until October.

Most useful and always welcome is partly worn clothing for children of

twelve and under. Their garments are none too good at best, and country sports, running, ball-playing and climbing trees soon finish them up. Some children actually have scarcely enough clothing to wear home, so any such donations will be heartily appreciated. This work is dependent on the generosity of our friends, new and old. We ask you to lend a hand. We take only the very poor children, chiefly from the great East Side and the city missions, but no needy child is ever refused save for good cause. Caretakers are with the children at all times. We have had no serious accidents or illness since the Farm started.

The industrial depression of the past winter and spring has also in-

## Life's Fresh Air Fund

Inclusive of 1913, LIFE'S FRESH AIR FUND has been in operation twenty-seven years. In that time it has expended \$145,183.64 and has given a fortnight in the country to 35,751 poor city children.

The Fund is supported entirely by bequests and voluntary contributions, which are acknowledged in this column.

Previously acknowledged	\$2,950.01
Mrs. E. Kent Hubbard, Jr.	15.00
F. A. Pincoffs	3.00
C. Drayton	1.00
"A Georgian"	10.00
"In memory of Mrs. R. F. E."	5.00
W. A. U., Jr.	25.00
E. H. Hawbaker	6.00
Graeme McGowan Gilmore	5.86
L. R. Fuller	5.00
F. G.	6.00
Mr. and Mrs. William Alexander Lieber	5.86
"An Old Subscriber"	5.00
C. M. Ray	.25
Virginia Burrage	150.00
Mrs. Henry Byington	1.00
W. U. M.	5.86
M. B. Worth	6.00
A. M. Davis	100.00
Vivian, Elaine, Gwendolyn, Audrey and Noel	25.00
George F. Corliss	10.00
"From M. H. K. and S. B. D."	2.00

\$3,342.84

### ACKNOWLEDGED WITH THANKS

Mrs. Chas. S. Webb, Greenport, N. Y., box of books and box of phonograph records.

Mrs. M. O. Luke, Covington, Va., box of clothing.

Mrs. Burr Mills, Georgetown, Conn., package of clothing.

If any of our readers happen to feel like presenting a phonograph to LIFE's Farm it would give infinite satisfaction to our two hundred guests.



ADELE—



A - DELL

pense last season for each child, including transportation—a heavy item—was only \$5.86. Still, the increased cost of food is bound to be felt where there are two hundred perfectly healthy appetites. Also, with many of our guests there are arrears of short rations to make up. The official account of the number of habitually underfed school children in New York City is appalling. The effect on the children themselves of a whole fortnight of abundant food and pure air is a pleasant sight. Our guests all want to come again, and do so year after year; but twelve is the age limit, although many twelfth birthdays are not officially celebrated until October.

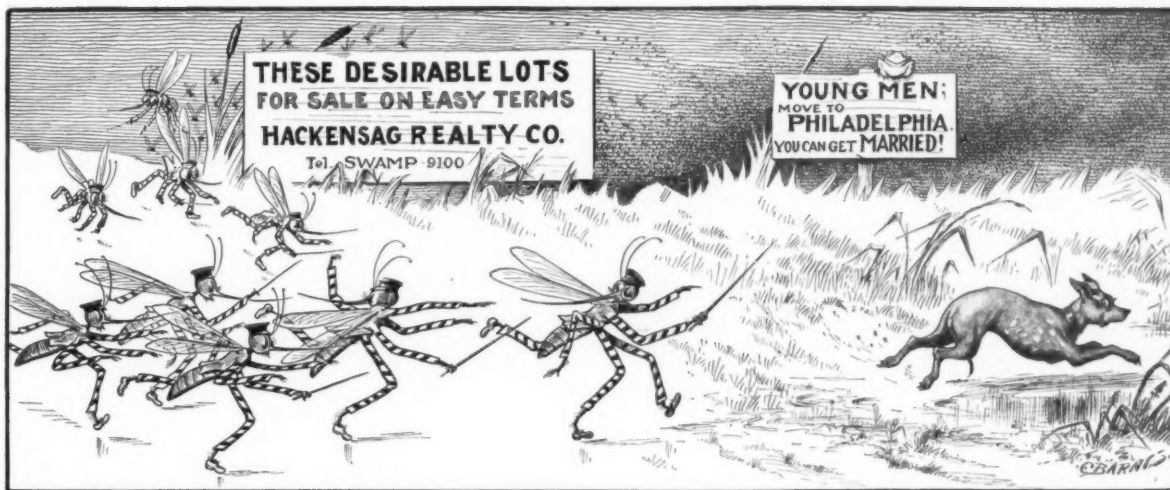
Most useful and always welcome is partly worn clothing for children of

increased the number of children who have no other chance of a vacation, so there is no shortage of applicants. Every dollar counts. The more money you give, the more children we send.

Remittances may be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund. Acknowledgment is made in the Fresh Air Fund column in LIFE about three weeks later, and by letter direct if address be given.

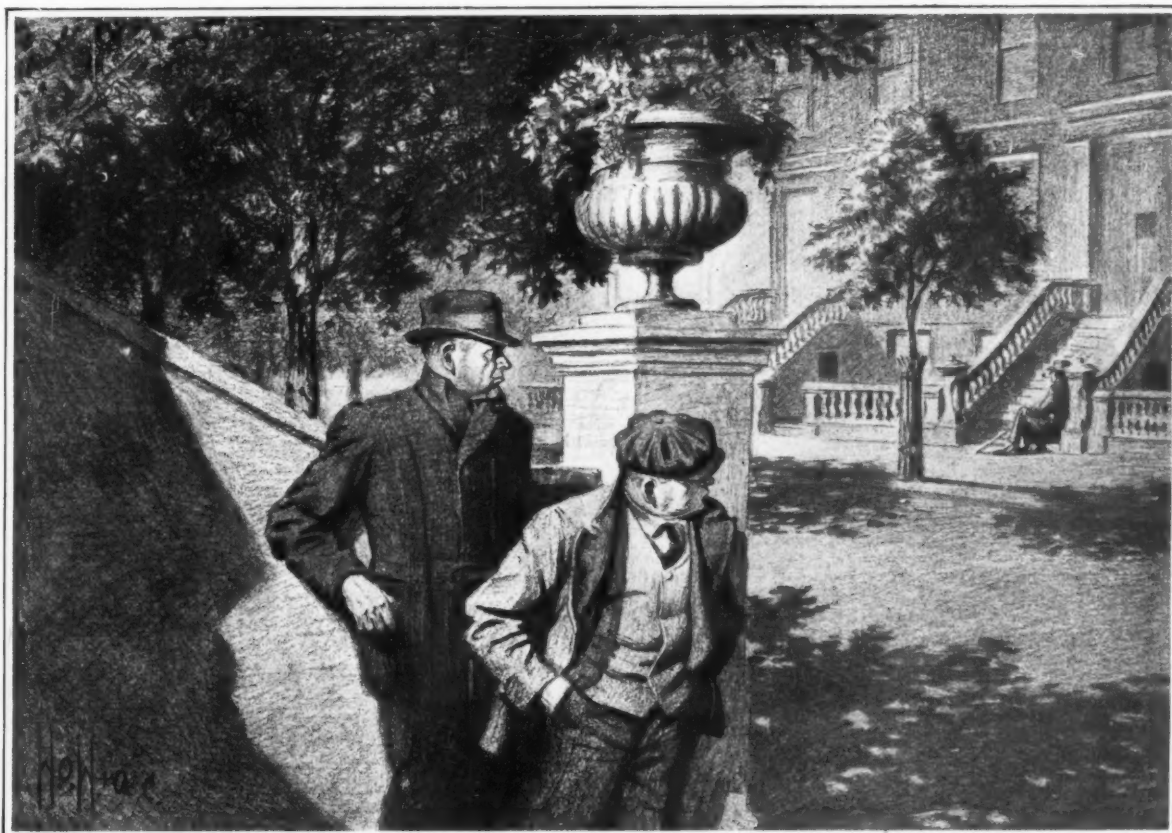


"ADELE!"



IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY

*Captain of the Home Rangers:* GO FOR HIM, BOYS! HE IS ONE OF THOSE MEXICAN HAIRLESS DOGS



*Burglar:* I TELL YE, JOE, THEM NIGHT-WATCHMEN IS A GREAT HELP TO OUR PERFESHUN. WHEREVER THEY HIRES ONE YE CAN BET THERE'S SOMETHIN' WORTH SWIPIN'

## Best People: Our Trials with Them

OF course it is all right that the best people should inherit the earth. It has always been so. Who should inherit it if not the best people? But it seems there is always trouble if too much of the earth is inherited by any one group of folks. The people who are not the best begin presently to feel pinched, and then there is a howl. For the other-than-best-people insist that they, too, have a right to live, and begin to crowd and claw in an ungentelemanly and unreasonable manner, and to make a fuss, and all because the best people seem to be getting too much—too much land, too much money, too much power. They are not intelligent enough to take just enough, but they are hardly to be blamed for that. Hardly anybody is intelligent to that extent. The machinery of acquisition, once it gets a good start, cannot be stopped at a given point. It grows by what it feeds on, and must go on or else collapse. Its engineers can direct, but hardly control, it. They are caught themselves in its cogs and must hang on for dear life.

There are best people whose activities are more centered on material things than the activities of other best people are, and there are many best people, nowadays especially, who are

constantly trying to put back large parts of what they have got. But very little dependence is placed on voluntary moderation in calculations to keep the world balanced. What the calcula-

tors count on is that when any group gets too much the other groups will pitch onto it and get the excess away from it. That is always going on in the world. Individuals are moderate, individuals are benevolent, but machinery must run, and groups are remorselessly acquisitive and have to be choked off in due time before they get all there is.

AND then there is another kind of best people, and another set of troubles with them. Besides the uncontrollably acquisitive people, who are not so very numerous after all, there are the reformatory and regulative people, who have ideas about right conduct and habits, and insist upon it that all the other people shall live up to what they think is right.

These reformatory people are terribly numerous, and tireless in their labors. One lot of them are the Prohibitionists (led just now by the gallant but quite



"QUICK, CHARLES!"



AN ABSORBING SUBJECT WELL TREATED



insufferable Hobson), who, seeing how much mischief rum does in the world, insist that it shall be totally abolished. They are fully persuaded that men would be good if it were only possible to keep rum out of them, so they sit up to move heaven and earth, the State Legislatures and Congress to extirpate rum.

And the white-slave enthusiasts have been doing the like to extirpate prostitution, and the eugenics enthusiasts pile in with wonderful theories about getting everybody well-born, and the pure-food people are pernicky about the purity of food, and the anti-germ people are fanatical about that and take away all our drinking-cups, and the compulsory-education and no-child-labor people are so strict that only the boldest citizens or utterly reckless ones dare become parents.

The regulative people make laws on laws, and multiply commissions to watch and boss everybody, and the patient, regulated folks sweat under it and pay taxes on taxes and try to get along, until presently there rises a great cry that life is being so perfected that it costs too much to live, and that over-regulated existence is not worth having, anyway.

For the trouble with the regulative people is just the same as the trouble with the acquisitive people; they don't know where to stop. Or maybe it is that their machinery runs away with them, just as the machinery of acquisition does with its owners. It is quite right that the acquisitive people should have more than the rest of us, because acquisition is their specialty. They organize and operate business and give their brains and strength to making and diffusing money and commodities, which is a very important service. They ought to have plenty of money, only not too much; not too great a proportion of the total fund.

And the regulative people, almost all their reforms have good in them, and are desirable to a certain extent. But there is no moderation in average reformers. Reform is their business, and they work at it all day, and when one reform is finished they open books on another. They never stop voluntarily any more than the acquisitive people



FAMILIAR EXPRESSIONS

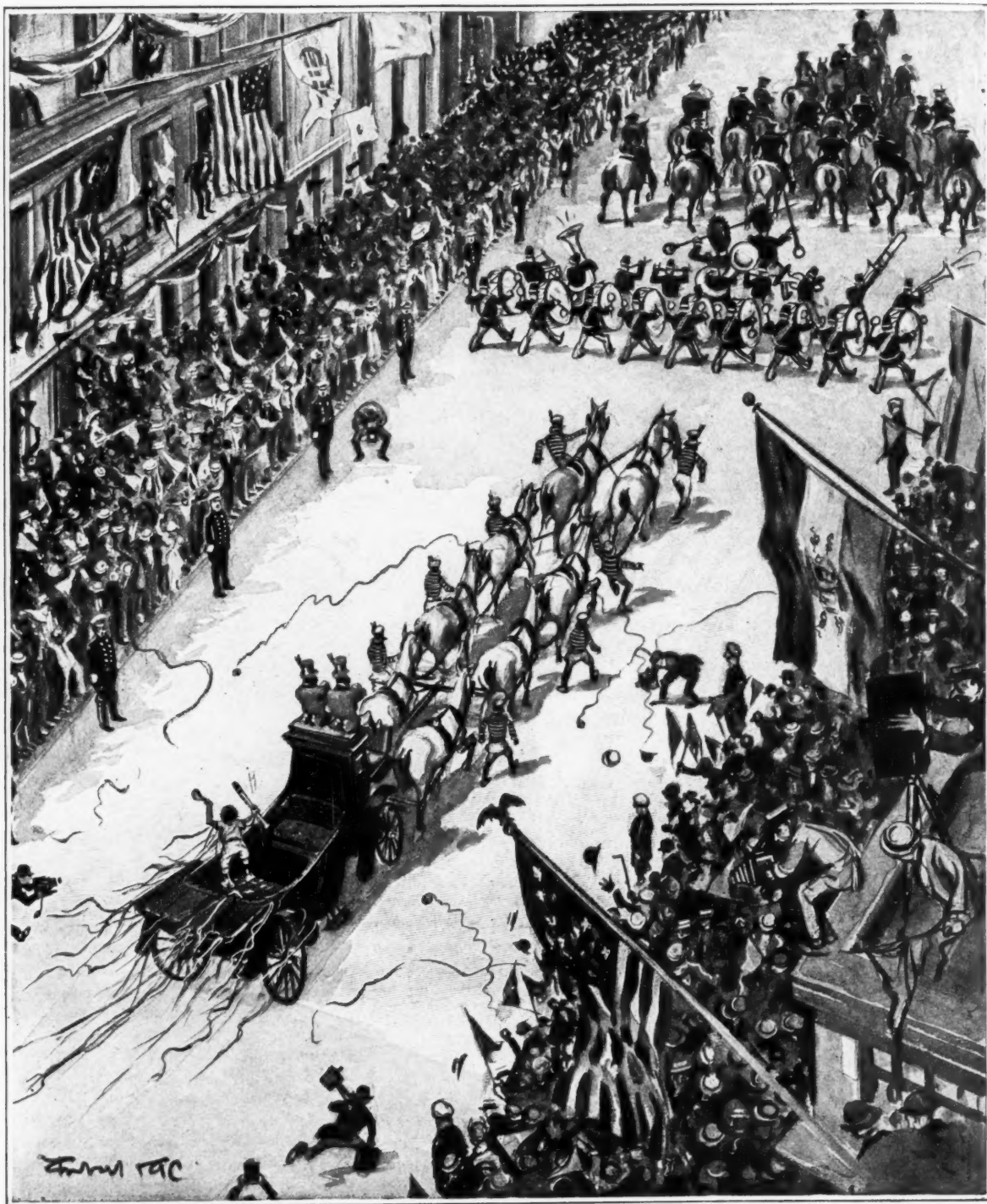
"DON'T YOU THINK WE WOULD BETTER SIT THIS OUT?"

do. What happens is that when we common dirt have been reformed all our unregenerate natures can endure, we rise up in our misery and get clubs and drive the regulative people off their job, and make them climb trees and hide in cellars. That is what is called reaction. When we have done it, we have comfort in living for a while, and take a drink on occasions, and go to horse races sometimes, maybe, until we fall into courses sufficiently appalling to give the regulators courage to come down from their trees and out of their holes, and then they come for us again. And so

life ripples along in a troubled course between the devil of acquisition and the deep sea of regulation.

They say the Delphic oracle had two mottoes, displayed conspicuously where customers could read them. They were, of course, in Greek. The gist of one of them was, "Get onto yourself", and of the other, "Nothing too much". It seems to have been understood by good observers since long ago that there is a strong human propensity for overdoing, and that if it is not piously checked on the inside it is bound to be checked otherwise by the resistance of the overdone.

E. S. Martin.



SKINNY'S DREAM  
THE NIGHT AFTER HE MADE THE HOME RUN



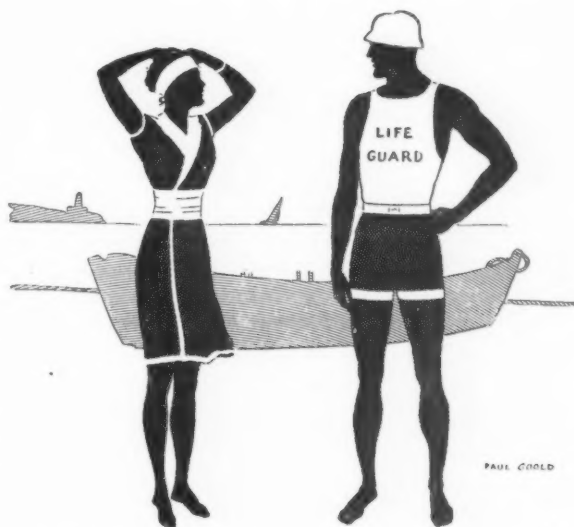
A FISH STORY

### Bullets

IN Congress the other day a Senator read a description of General Villa, copied from an English paper, in which it was stated that General Villa, in order to save bullets, was in the habit of placing persons in a line close together and then shooting through them from one end to the other. Thus, with one bullet, he can dispose of a number of human beings, upon what might be called the modern efficiency system of getting rid of the enemy.

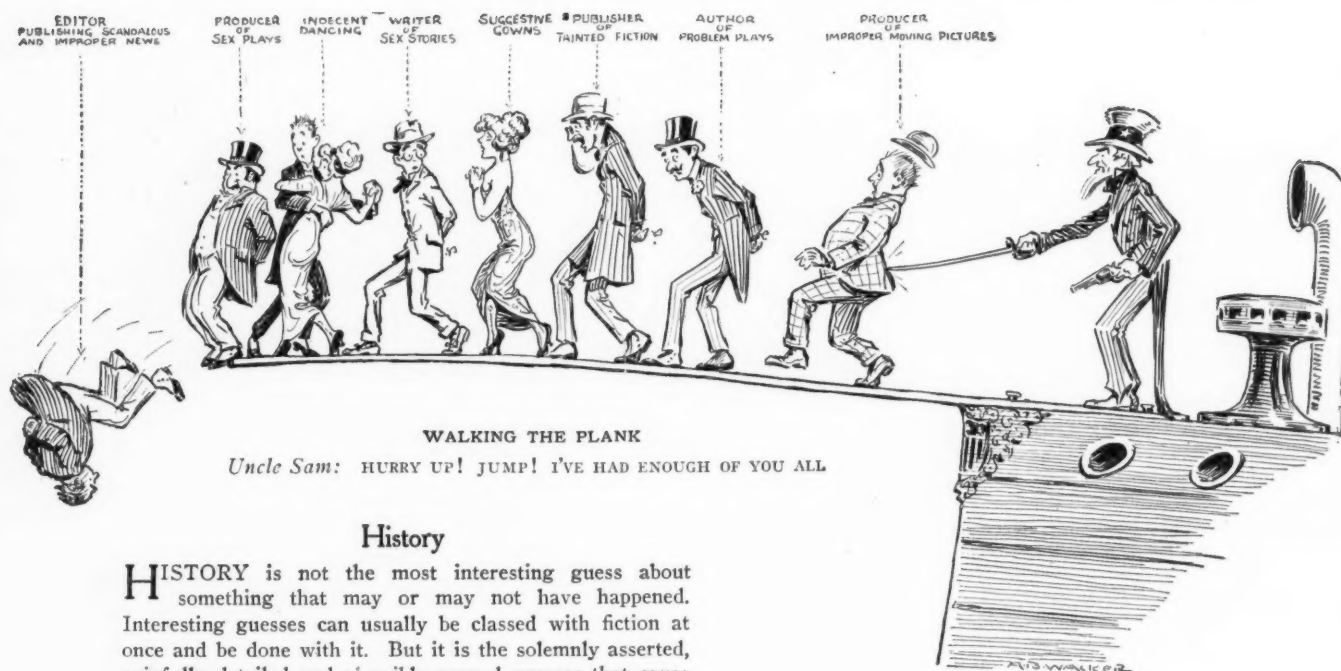
General Villa would not have been able to accomplish this result, however, if it had not been due to the extraordinary advance which has been made in the reduced calibre bullet, which is exceedingly destructive, especially in cases where the material is soft and tends to spread under contact.

The new bullet, however, is still far from being ideal. There is no method by which it can be guaranteed to kill quick enough. Unless it strikes some mortal part, the victim lingers on for hours or days. What is really necessary is a bullet that kills at once. Only in this way can war become so perfected as to kill itself, for when our engines are so effective that the man who moves first kills all of the enemy, then there will be no excuse for warfare.



Puzzle Picture—FIND THE GIRL WHO IS SOON TO BE RESCUED FROM DROWNING





WALKING THE PLANK

Uncle Sam: HURRY UP! JUMP! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOU ALL

### History

**H**ISTORY is not the most interesting guess about something that may or may not have happened. Interesting guesses can usually be classed with fiction at once and be done with it. But it is the solemnly asserted, painfully detailed and plausibly argued guesses that cause all the trouble and fill the unsuspecting minds of young folks with chronicles of events that could not possibly have taken place.

One of the first duties of a rising young historian, as he starts upon his mad guessing career, is to prove that his predecessors could guess with marvelous erroneousness, just as Signor Ferrero has recently annulled pretty nearly everything about Greece and Rome which was learned so assiduously by college students of a generation ago. Those of us who slighted our history at that time are better off to-day, for we have less to forget. It is a splendid thing to know something about our ancestors, but how are we to find out about them?

E. O. J.

### Railroad Gray Matter

**C**OMMEND us to the ingenuity of the railroad companies which have recently invented two improvements on the danger signals for grade crossings. One of these is to turn the banjo signal into a warning post by the use of lights. The other is to hang dangling ropes over the road as a warning for automobilists, just as they are used for brakemen on the top of freight trains.

Another way of preventing railroad accidents is to remove the grade crossings.

But this is expensive. So long as the ingenuity of our railroads can be brought to bear upon this problem we shall expect to have wonderful new movements recorded from time to time.

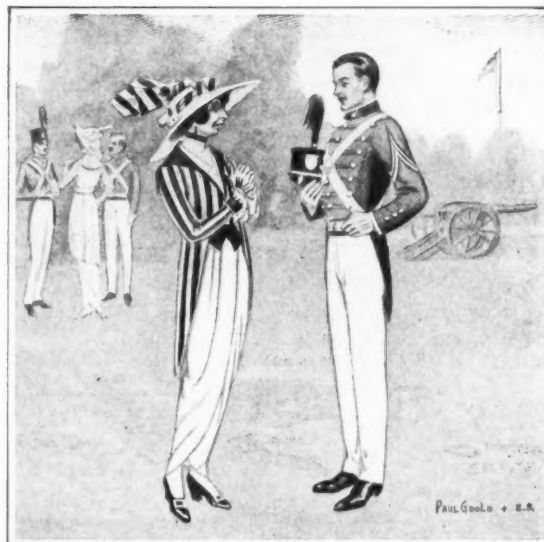
At a minimum expense.

### Discovered

**B**LONDINE: Gertie Giddygad has fallen out with her fiancé.

BRUNETTA: What caused the quarrel?

BLONDINE: She found a purple hair on his coat and her wig is green.



She: THE MAN I MARRY MUST BE A HERO!

He: YES, INDEED.

### Anticipatory

THE newspapers tell us that when the accident occurred at the mines in Eccles, West Virginia, in anticipation of the fact that there were a lot of people in the mines who never would come out alive, one hundred and eighty graves were dug beforehand to receive them.

To have one's grave dug by thoughtful people in anticipation of one's demise is an indication of the spirit of brotherhood, and the anxiety for the welfare of others that, as the political economists say, "augurs well". Anything that "augurs well" is a good thing. In the case of the miners who were killed, it was unfortunate that they themselves could not select their own graves, and that they had to permit others to do it for them.

But this also illustrates the fact that no system is necessarily perfect in all of its details, when it is first started. No doubt in the future, when it does become perfected, every miner can arrange at the time he signs his contract to go to work to have his grave dug where he would like to have it, and can possibly secure a few hours off in advance in order to make the proper personal selection. We cannot expect to do everything at once.



ADAM NAMES THE BEASTS



"WHAT EVERY WOMAN KNOWS"

### Stable

THE *London Times* is delighted to inform its public that the stable aeroplane should first have been used in England.

"We may congratulate ourselves," says the *Times*, "that the aeroplane is the product of the Government's Aircraft Factory at Farnborough."

The new stabilizer, or whatever it may be called, enables anybody to operate an aeroplane without danger; the machine righting itself in adverse air-currents and, when the power is off, slipping to the ground without harm.

What a pity that it cannot be used as an attachment to all militant suffragettes!

### Is Home-Making Fascinating?

Far from being dull drudgery, home-making in all its details is fascinating and stimulating, if a woman applies to it her best intelligence and culture.—Mrs. Christine Fredericks, in the *American Review of Reviews*.

AND yet, making due allowance for certain exceptions, it seems to be the tendency among women to break away from housekeeping when they increase in culture and intelligence. To an intelligent woman the business of running a house must make its intellectual appeal in much the same manner that the machinery of business makes its appeal to an intelligent man. But in the two cases there are important elements which are unlike. In running a profitable home there is no tangible, positive result like running a profitable business. A man will put up with a business personally distasteful to him if there is money in it. A woman who runs a home well has compensations, but this is not one of them. There is also another thing which counts against Mrs. Fredericks's argument; namely, that running a home offers no variety. It is monotonous. A business properly organized runs along on its own momentum. The men employed to keep it going have powerful incentive to remain at their posts. They are not likely, as servants in a home are, to "chuck" their jobs at a moment's notice through a mere whim. But the machinery of a home may go to pieces "all at once, and nothing first" if the "Boss" withdraws her personal grip.

Managing a household requires a great many qualities, the exercise of which undoubtedly produces pleasure. It requires as much ability as running a government—perhaps more. It is certainly more important. Yet women who experience the "uplift" seem to like to break away from it. The glory of doing it is not megaphonic enough. It lacks the qualities of self-advertisement.

We read every day in the papers obituaries of passing great men, telling for what they were distinguished in their lives, of generals who won battles, of authors who have "made their impress" on their generation, of inventors and seers and heroes, but we never read any such obituary as this:

Mrs. John Smith, who has just passed away in her seventieth year, has led a long and distinguished career as a good cook, a clothes-mender of remarkable talents, a domestic economizer and a children's nurse. Mrs. Smith had a remarkable talent for dealing with servants of all nationalities and making them get along with each other. Many anecdotes of her management and control of her husband are recounted by her neighbors. It is expected that a popular subscription will soon be started to erect to her memory a suitable monument, to be a facsimile in marble of one of her celebrated jars of preserves, etc.

T. L. M.

THE "State of Colorado" has a euphonic, mellifluous rhythm, but wouldn't it be more appropriate to say the "State of Rockefeller"?



The Delegate: THE FELLOWS WANT TO KNOW ARE YOU A BOY OR GIRL?



"FATHER SAYS IF YOU CAME TO-NIGHT I MUST NOT SEE YOU"

"HE MEANS I SHOULD PUT OUT THE LIGHT"

"WHY, say, a man's as safe in Mexico as he is in Chicago."

"Is it as bad as that?"





AFTER THE BALL

"DIDN'T YOU FIND HIM WONDERFULLY LIGHT ON HIS FEET FOR SUCH A HEAVILY BUILT MAN?"

"OH, YES; HE WAS LIGHT ENOUGH ON *HIS* FEET."



JULY 9, 1914

"While there is Life there's Hope"

VOL. 64  
No. 1654

Published by

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

J. A. MITCHELL, Pres't.

A. MILLER, Sec'y and Treas.

17 West Thirty-first Street, New York

English Offices, Rolls House, Breams Bldgs., London, E. C.



WE shall not have to fight General Huerta just yet. The Niagara Falls conference has got us out of that trouble, and arranged for a meeting of representatives of the two Mexican factions, who will try to work out an acceptable solution of the matters that they have been fighting about.

It is hoped that with the aid of the conference they will be able to get together on a provisional government, and that peace will be restored to Mexico on a basis that will be hopeful for the future of that country.

Meanwhile, at this writing, General Villa's military activities continue at high pressure, and with important results and with very interesting by-products. The latest result is the capture of Zacatecas, after bitter fighting. A by-product of this action is the reported decease of Colonel Fierro, an active soldier of the old school in Mexico and known as "The Butcher". It was he, as may be remembered, who killed Benton, the British subject. If half the stories about Fierro are true, he has been the most cruel and murderous warrior in the Constitutional army, remaining none the less a very great friend of Villa, who admired him to excess and would not restrain his irregularities. It will seem good riddance if he is really done for.

Of course we are not yet out of the Mexican woods, but things look better, and the conference of mediators is no longer derided by prudent observers, whatever their politics, but is considerably admired as a piece of machinery

worthy of this age of invention. Almost everybody who has sense seems to think that getting in the leading South American republics as participants in the measures for Mexican relief was a very valuable innovation which should have results of the highest consequence in the great work of maintaining order and liberty in this hemisphere. If the new machinery works as well as is hoped for, it is hard to see what is to hinder even Mr. Bryan from coming out of the entanglement with a shining reputation as a diplomat.



IT is a question deeply beclouded with difficulties who, if anyone, is to be the next Governor of New York. As we understand it, there are to be no conventions, but primaries, at which every voter can put his penny in the slot of whatever candidate offers the flavor that best suits his taste. We are all beginners hereabouts in direct primaries, and very uncertain what they are going to do with us.

At this writing Mr. Roosevelt has got back and announced that he will not run for Governor. His declaration has been met by assurances from F. W. Bird, B. Colby and other Progressives that he will have to run, and will see the need presently. That is, of course, an interesting opinion, but it lies in the shadow of the suspicion, confirmed by Mr. Roosevelt's physician, that the Colonel's reasons for not running are better than Mr. Bird and Mr. Colby

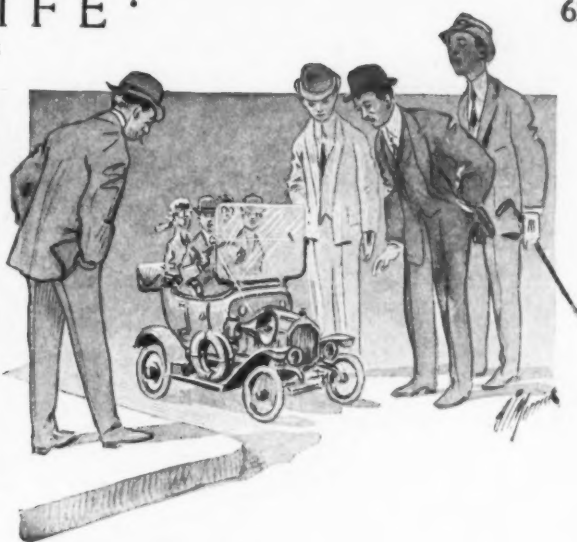
have supposed, and that he will have his way about it.

There is this disparity of view between Messrs. Bird and Colby and the Colonel as to whether he shall run for Governor, there is the disparity between G. W. Perkins and the Brothers Pinchot as to whether Mr. Perkins can remain a Bull-Moose, there is a disparity of a tactical nature between Mr. Montgomery Hare and the rest of the State Democrats, and the usual disparity between Tammany and the rest of the Democratic family. Mr. Hearst calls himself a Democrat, but belongs with no group. All the others seem to like to flirt with him, and Governor Glynn has just been off with him in a private car to Chicago and the Northwest. District Attorney Whitman is regarded as the hope of the old-style Republicans, but the Progressives are not pleased with him. Altogether New York State politics are very much mixed and disheveled, and since habit, and our comfort, and the prosperity of the business interests, and a decent regard for the opinion of mankind constrains us to have a Governor, it might not be a bad plan to get some mediators and have an intra-State conference at Niagara Falls or Lake Mohonk.

The idea of sending Mr. Root back to the Senate is the only idea in New York politics as yet disclosed that has a pleasing aspect. That idea is so obviously good that it is almost popular, except, indeed, with Mr. Root himself, who seems to disapprove it. Mr. Hearst's *American* seems alarmed about it. "When," it cries in large black editorial headline type, "Did Root Ever Serve the People?" Why, bless you, dearie, didn't he go up to Syracuse that time and make that famous speech saying William Hearst was a bad egg? You must have forgotten. Don't you call that serving the people?



THERE have been a few general misfortunes that have not been charged to the administration, as the



THE HORN AND THE CAR ARE NOT ALWAYS IN PROPER PROPORTION

loss of the *Empress* and the big fire in Salem, but, of course, the Clafin receivership is promptly charged up to Democratic legislation. But not with as much fervor as might be expected. The Clafin company is said to have lost about a million dollars by depreciation in value of merchandise due to the tariff bill, but that is no killing matter for so large a concern. Mr. Clafin himself attributes his troubles to the great shift uptown of the New York department stores, which cost enormously and apparently pinched New York houses so hard that the Clafin company went too far afield for business and spread out too much and gave too much credit in the West.

Nobody can trace responsibility for real-estate shifts in New York to the Democratic administration, but business is fairly dull, and that has made the course of entangled concerns by so much the harder. The President seemed to speak the right word when he said that business had been under fire for ten years, and that it was high time it had relief. He thinks the most practical way to help it is to pass the moderate anti-trust bill now pending, and so clear the way for a great business revival.

It is entirely true that the troubles of business did not begin with this administration. They had raged for two presidential terms. They came to the Democrats to be cured, and they have

made a strenuous and valiant effort to cure them.



THERE is a good deal left of old Salem, notwithstanding the lamentable fire there, but for the loss of any good old Colonial houses that were burned up there is abundant warrant to mourn. Because Salem has long been, commercially, pretty dead, the older part of it has escaped the terrible ravages of progress which have assailed more active places like Boston. The earlier Salem traders got rich and built good houses before the total collapse of taste in these States that happened early in the last century. These good houses survived because they were not crowded out by business or new money. It is sad that anything of what all the terrors of time and progress had spared should have been wiped out by mere fire working in a vile collusion with a bursted water pipe.



AND so, after nineteen years of hesitation, Columbia won in great style a memorable boat race at

Poughkeepsie! This is the *annus mirabilis* of sports. Perhaps Sir Thomas is going to lift the cup! The wonder (and regret) is that Moran did not wipe the floor of Paris with Jack Johnson.

Columbia's victory was even more popular than Yale's. Men from the Coast, men from Wisconsin, husky citizens from up the State and rugged Pennsylvanians, all headed at the end of a fine struggle by a light crew from *New York!* Possibly it will help a little to revise the reputation of New York as a decadent community. Give the worm time enough and he does turn.

### Embarrassing

ANYONE who is prone to feel bad about American occurrences that would be hard to explain to Europe, is invited to brood over the recent circumstance that the "gun" of the Mayor of New York fell out of his clothes and shot a former State Senator through the leg.

### Both Sides Represented

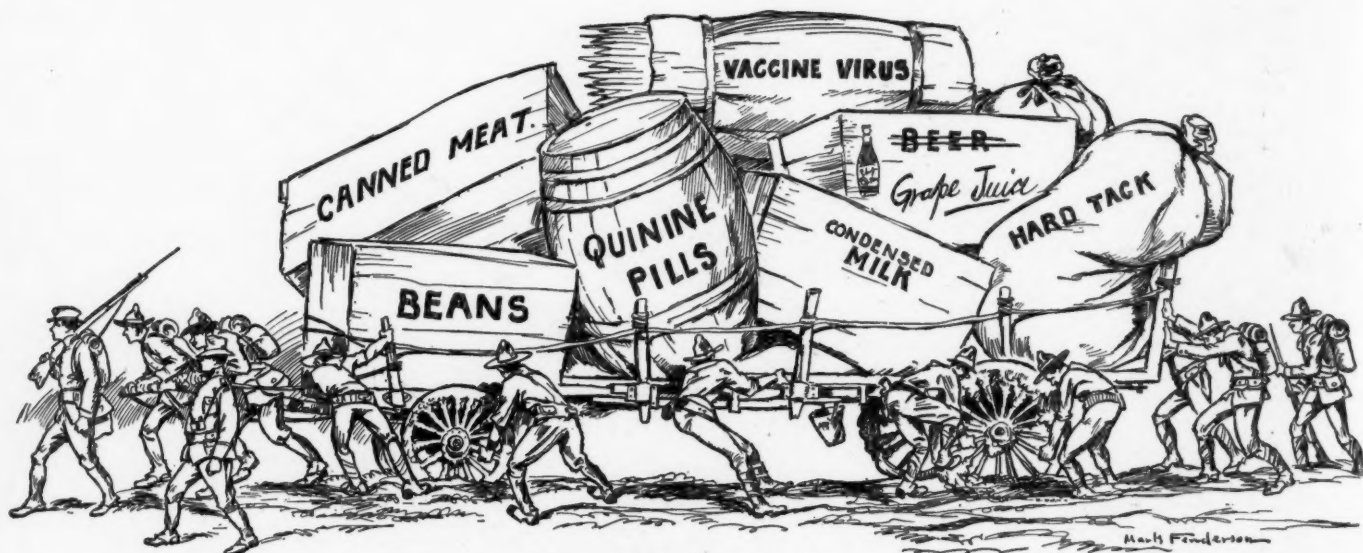
MRS. GLYNN, the wife of the Governor, is opposed to woman suffrage and does not care who knows it. So she says, bold woman, but hints that the Governor's feelings are the other way, which leaves one a little doubtful whether Mrs. Glynn has not, after all, some gift as a politician.







Wm. Walker 1914



SOME OF THE HORRORS OF WAR

### Not Polite to the Pope

**ERNESTO NATHAN**, sometime Mayor of Rome, and a radical of advanced standing in Italy, has been appointed official representative of the Italian Government at the coming San Francisco fair. Ernesto has at times been rude to the Pope, and some of the Roman Catholic societies hereabouts object very much to him, and have passed resolutions complaining of his appointment. They want something done about it, and some of them even say that they will stay away from the fair if Ernesto is coming to it.

Too bad to lose their company, but what is there to do? The fair managers will wish that Italy was going to send a representative that was more generally acceptable, but they will hardly venture to say so to the Italian Government. It is not the fault of the fair that Mr. Nathan is coming.

The Catholic brethren may be sure that if the Pope comes to the fair he will be well received and politely treated. Perhaps he had better come and so demonstrate that Mr. Nathan is not the only pebble on the beach of Italy. Otherwise it is not clear what can be done, for certainly Ellis Island will not turn back Ernesto Nathan because he was involved in church troubles at home.

### Finding Out the Law

**THE** ignorance of the law has lots to answer for. The law, being of such an uninteresting and complicated nature that nobody ever finds out anything about it until he actually has to, and of such an inconsistent and vague nature that one can always find a law on his side if he looks long enough, it follows that ignorance of the law is so dense that the cost of dispelling it makes litigants tremble.

If the law were anything like what it ought to be in a civilized community, there would be no necessity of having so many books and so many court officials and so many lawyers and so many judges and so many expert witnesses and so many everything that makes the whole business a mystic, musty maze. A simple dispute could be simply settled. But now, one man, being ignorant of the law, hires a lawyer, who is also ignorant of the law, to pursue another man, who, knowing no law, can defend himself only by hiring another lawyer. Then, after the whole thing is gone over with sufficient detail to prove to the judge that the law permits him to decide it in favor of either litigant, he hands down his decision in accordance with the state of his own feelings or previous condition of political servitude.

E. O. J.

### Wouldn't Work

**WRITING** on "Parents and Children", in the preface to "Misalliance", Bernard Shaw suggests the shooting of children as a sport. This he thinks might cause children to be as well cared for during the greater part of the year as are pheasants and other game creatures during the closed season.

The idea seems more plausible at first blush than at second. True, nothing could be much worse than the fate of little children in our most abandoned child-labor States, yet we must remember that man only learned to protect game by bitter experience. Protective laws are only introduced as a last resort, and consequently our children would nearly all be exterminated before the attention of our legislators could be secured.

### Our Cat Column

**WHEN** you stroll through the streets of a strange neighborhood and the cats come out and hump their backs against your leg, you may know that the children of that neighborhood have been taught something.

**A** HIGH roller—the window-shade.





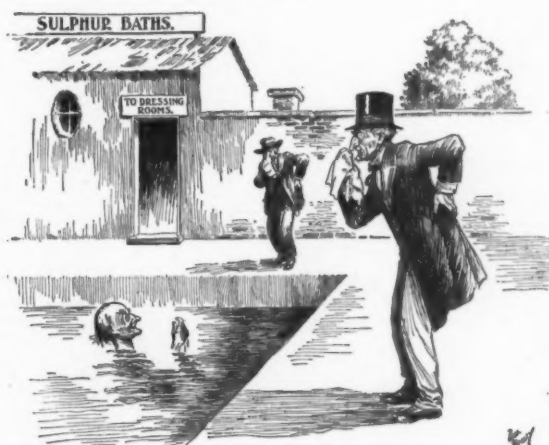
THE MAN WHO NEVER TOLD A GIRL A LIE

### Nothing Strange

THE fact that operations for appendicitis have increased over three hundred per cent. in the last five years has been explained by Dr. Mayo, of Rochester, Minn. According to a statement reprinted in the *Argonaut*, Dr. Mayo says this is due to the practice of wearing belts instead of suspenders.

If our memory serves us, both belts and suspenders were invented before appendicitis, which is of comparatively recent origin. It seems to us that there is a more obvious reason for the spread of appendicitis. Owing to long practice, surgeons can now remove appendixes without always killing the patient. They can charge for the operation as much as they think the patient will stand, there being no particular law to the contrary. When it is possible for any doctor to diagnose a stomach ache as appendicitis and get all the way from one hundred to five thousand dollars for an operation, usually not lasting more than fifteen minutes, no wonder that appendicitis has increased three hundred per cent. in the past five years.

MAN has his price—woman her figure, and both of them are uncertain.



THREE RHEUMS AND BATH

### Every Day: An Allegory

PROGRESS was swinging briskly along the highway when he came upon Custom sitting in the middle of the road.

"Will you please step out of the way and let me pass?" requested Progress, politely tipping his hat and bowing.

"What a queer request!" observed Custom by way of reply. "Why should anyone want to move when one can remain stationary?"

"Possibly it is a matter of temperament," responded Progress. "If I had a little more time I should be glad to discuss the matter with you, but I am anxious to be on my way. Will you please let me pass?"

"Surely I can find no fault with your manner of speaking," admitted Custom, without the slightest move to comply with the request, "but I hope you understand that I have myself to consider and cannot give way without looking into the matter very carefully. Which way are you going? Possibly I will go with you."

"I am going forward," declared Progress.

"Oh, dear, no. I might consent to go round and round with you, but I couldn't possibly think of going forward."

"Will you let me pass then, please?" repeated Progress, his tone somewhat more mandatory than before.

"Really, I shouldn't think you would press the point when you see how I feel about it," maintained Custom.

"I don't understand you at all," said Progress. "You may remain here if you wish, but I must go on. Let me pass!" Progress started forward.

"Now let's not have any trouble about this," threatened Custom, assuming a defiant attitude.

"The only way to have trouble is for you to continue to block the way. Let me pass!"

"Don't get excited!"

Progress advanced, pushed Custom aside and passed on.

"My, what a violent and disorderly person that Progress is," muttered Custom, as he picked himself up and brushed himself off. "If there were an officer of the law anywhere about, I should certainly have him arrested."

*Ellis O. Jones.*

### Out of the Frying-Pan

THE average man does not submit to the vaccination of himself and children because he is afraid of smallpox. Extremely few of us really fear smallpox in these days of sanitation and hygiene. Nor does he submit because he is convinced that vaccination prevents smallpox. There is plenty of evidence that vaccination does not prevent smallpox. He submits chiefly because he thinks vaccination is harmless, just as many men buy accident insurance, not because they expect accidents, but because the premium is low. They think it can't hurt and it might do some good.

Vaccination will be tolerated, therefore, only until the average man discovers that it is fraught with grave dangers, such as blood poisoning, lockjaw, locomotor ataxia and similar disablements, and that it is much more to be feared than smallpox.



"WHAT WAS HE DOING THE OTHER NIGHT—THAT YOUNG MASHER? HE SEEMED TO BE EDGING UP PRETTY CLOSE TO YOU"

"I DON'T KNOW—I NEVER WORRY ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS"

### He Had Learned His Lesson

ONCE upon a time there was a man with two souls and a woman with none.

They fell in love.

The man with two souls was not aware of them. He went along without knowing it.

But the woman with no soul knew that he had two souls, although she did not know what they were.

One day the woman said to the man: "You have something that I have not."

"What is that?" asked the man.

"There are two of them," said the woman.

"But I don't know what they are."

The man had never thought of this before. But the woman having aroused his curiosity, he dwelt upon himself. And he saw.

He perceived that he had two souls and the woman none. He was unhappy.

"I will divide with you," said the man. So he offered her one of the souls.

The woman did not hesitate. She took one of the souls and thanked him lavishly. But she also was unhappy.

Then the woman tempted the man and he slept. And when he was asleep she came in the night and took from him his other soul.

"He will never miss it," whispered the woman, "because he did not know he had it until I told him. Without me he would never have known." And the woman slept.

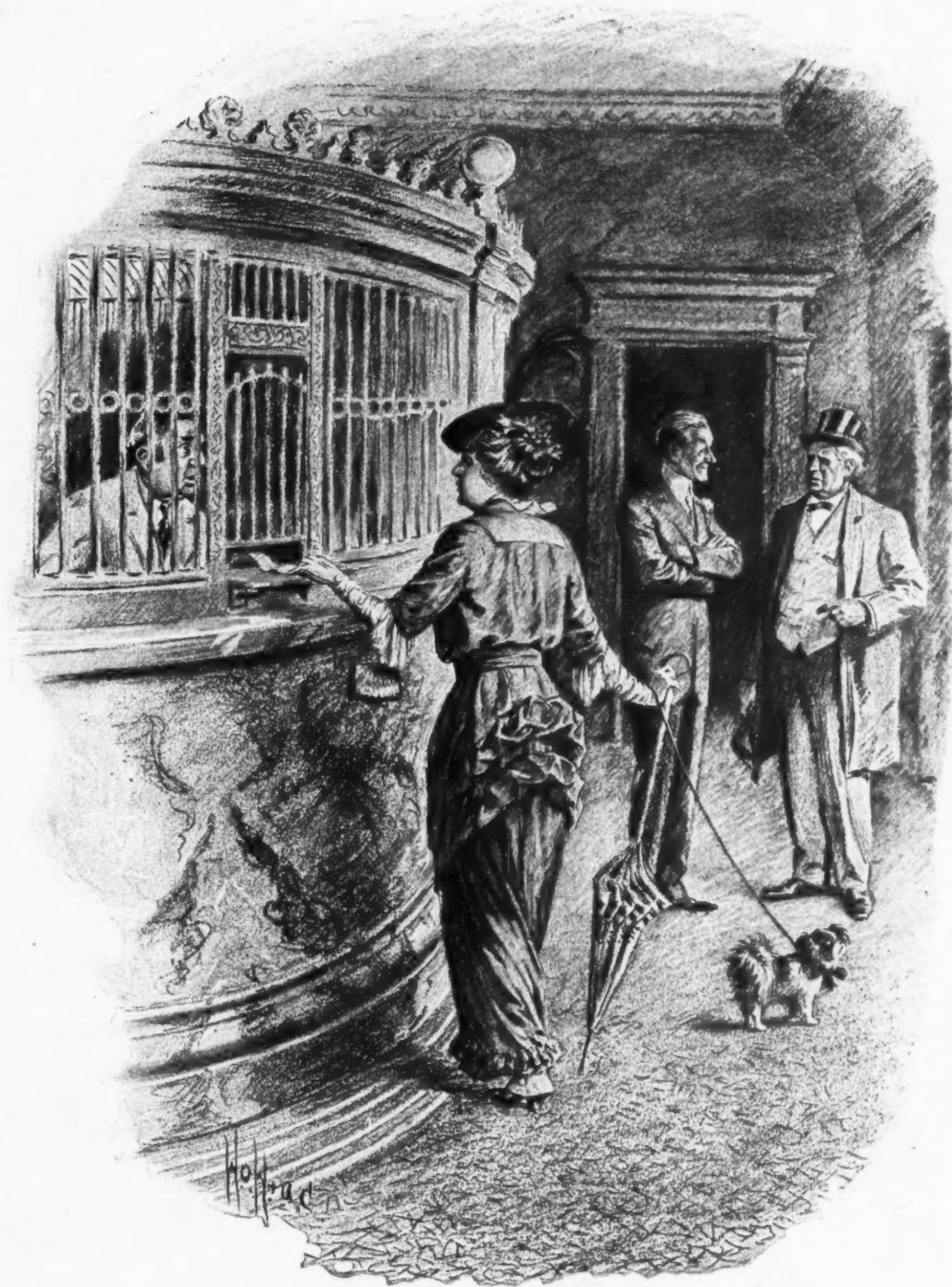
When she awoke she perceived that both of her souls—the one the man had given her and the one she had taken from him—had vanished. Then she wept.

And when the man awoke he saw instantly what had happened, for she had given him the power of thought.

"Never mind, dear," he said.

"I should have been satisfied with one," she replied.

"True. But, on the other hand, if I had been a gentleman I would have offered you both, and then you would have been content with one. Justice is one thing. Knowing how to treat a woman is another."



"I'M SORRY, MADAM, BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO BE IDENTIFIED BY SOME ONE I KNOW"

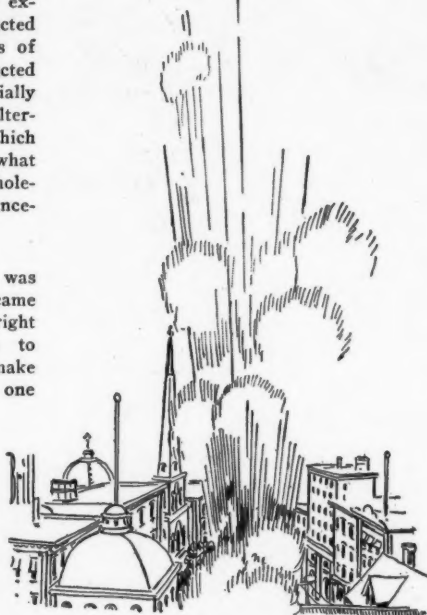
"OH, VERY WELL; I HAVE A FRIEND WAITING OUTSIDE IN THE MACHINE. I'LL BRING HER IN  
AND INTRODUCE YOU TO HER"



### The Latest Books

IN the fox-hunting districts in England there is a sport known as "cubbing", in which the younger hounds and the younger foxes are given simultaneous field lessons in their future professions. But in America, owing to the sluggishness of the immature anise-seed bag, "cubbing", in the English sense, is unknown. We have, however, our own form of the sport. Once in each novelist's career he is expected to pursue, capture, and hold up for our inspection the freckled mask and brick-red brush of that foxy youngster, the human boy. And great is his glory if he perform the feat in true M. F. H. style. Owen Johnson was the last performer of note. And now Booth Tarkington, with "Penrod" (Doubleday, Page; \$1.25), is a candidate for honors. "Penrod" is, so to say, the history of a "Young Gentleman from Indiana"; and while it is too anecdotal to achieve a very high order of creative unity or of interpretative universality, and hence is unlikely ever to rank as a classic in its line, it is certain to give to any ex-boy of its generation the unexpected jolts and the peculiar personal joys of recaptured sensations and reconstructed states of being. The book is especially happy in its presentation of those alternating phases of boy existence in which the blank boredom of not knowing what to do next is succeeded by a whole-souled abandonment to some chance-given inspiration.

I DON'T remember exactly when it was that E. F. Benson's "Dodo" came out, but it was just about the right number of years ago. That is to say, it was long enough back to make it a bit exciting to have been one of its original readers, and not long enough to make it incriminating to own up. And it is quite remarkable how many people recall it and how no one recollects anything about it except that it was spontaneously effervescent and that it carried off what passed for daring in the 1890's with an engaging blend of ingenuousness and precocity. But being reminded of these past appreciations by the appearance of "Dodo's Daughter" (Century, \$1.35) is one thing and being asked to re-experience them is quite another. We are accustomed to being asked to assume, at the end of the first part of a novel or of the second act of a play, that twenty years have elapsed during the intermission. But



A COUPLE OF HIGH SCHOOL GIRLS FROM  
THE CHEMICAL DEPARTMENT

to insert the actual years is a form of realism that entails embarrassing results. Our Rip Van Winkle-ism proves imperfect. And the author has altered. "Dodo" was effervescent and bubbled as it left the bottle. The sequel is

poured from a pitcher and now and then a group of little globules detach themselves from the bottom of the glass and zig-zag to the surface. Our advice is "Dododon't—there's a reason".

A LITTLE volume containing "Five Plays" (Kennerley, \$1.25), by Lord Dunsany, with a short biographical and critical preface by Edwin Bjorkman, offers us a sort of postern-gate introduction to the work of one of the hereabouts unknown writers of the modern Irish school whose literary personality is intensely individual and whose intellectual allure is of that elusive order which (like the quality of a fine Rhenish wine) is less obvious in the immediate swallowing than in the subsequent realization. These five plays are by no means the best work of their author; but they are what fate, working through the chances and exigencies of international publishing, has first vouchsafed us. Lord Dunsany is classable in that category of dreamers, seers and poets, the very name of which begs the question of identification—the mystics. Yet in a way the name belies him, since the calm, quotidian clarity with which he imbues the scenic surfaces of his imaginings, and from which the haunting faces of his spiritual implications peer out at us, is the most obviously distinguishing feature of his achievement. Most of what he writes is exquisite in itself. And from the depths behind this beauty there occasionally beckon to us Truths and Terrors, Realities and Realizations, that we have long since lost and here fittingly recognize again. There is, in these plays, a disturbing suggestion of the didactic that his other writings are free from. But "The Gods of the Mountain", "The Golden Doom", and "King Argimenes and the Unknown Warrior" are well worth a reading—or even two.

J. B. Kerfoot.

### Confidential Book Guide

*Antarctic Penguins*, by Dr. G. Murray Levick, R.N. An interesting study of a grotesquely human bird-colony, by the naturalist of the Scott expedition.

*A Year of Pierrot*, by the Mother of Pierrot. A French peasant girl's diary. A taking bit of sentiment with a sauce of sadness.

*Anthony the Absolute*, by Samuel Merwin. A "Professor's Love Story" with a Pekinese setting. A diverting tale with a cleverly introduced "equal rights" moral.

*Chance*, by Joseph Conrad. A novel in which the loose ends of a maritime romance are caught up with great technical deftness.



THEIR YESTERDAYS

*Cubists and Post-Impressionism*, by Arthur Jerome Eddy. The performance and personnel of the extreme modern art movement intelligently discussed by an interested layman.

*Dodo's Daughter*, by E. F. Benson. See preceding page.

*Five Plays*, by Lord Dunsany. See preceding page.

*Forty Years of It*, by Brand Whitlock. The autobiography of a reformer. A book full of a fine optimistic disillusionment.

*Hail and Farewell, Vale*, by George Moore. The third volume of a future classic. Full of bad manners, beautiful English and the wine of personality.

*Joseph Pulitzer*, by Alleyne Ireland. A brilliant study of a striking character seen at close range during an eight-months secretaryship.

*Penrod*, by Booth Tarkington. See preceding page.

*The Precipice*, by Elia W. Peatie. An interesting novel of to-day, with the scenes laid in the academic, settlement and social circles of Chicago.

*The Marryers*, by Irving Bacheller. A sugar-and-lime satire on the esthetic affectations and social misapprehensions of Americans abroad.

*Quick Action*, by Robert W. Chambers. Boccaccio tales for blue-stockings.

*Social Forces in England and America*, by H. G. Wells. Essays that tickle the intelligence by their cleverness while they give seriously to think on many subjects.

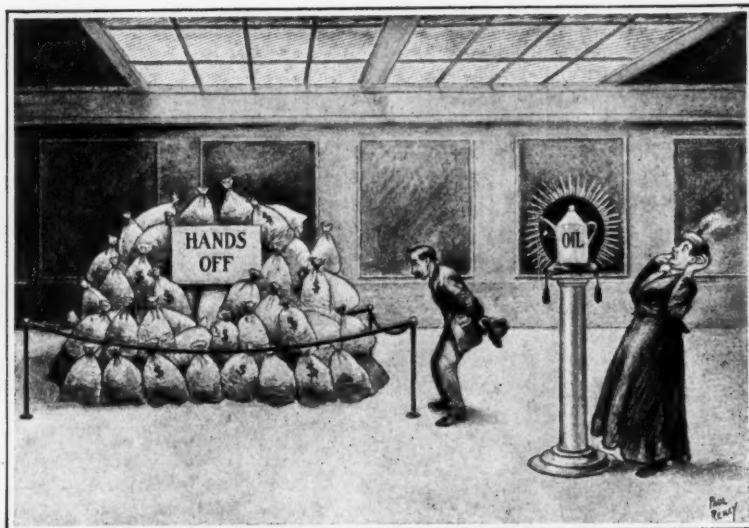
*Terry's Japanese Empire*. The *Imperator* of modern guide-books. All the latest improvements and elevators between decks.

*Vain Oblations*, by Katharine Fullerton Gerould. Short stories with a fine finish that box the compass of uncanniness.



"BEAN HIM!"\*

\*Note for ignorami—Hit him in the head



THE MORGAN COLLECTION AND THE ROCKEFELLER FOUNDATION

## What Do You Think?

*We Are Constantly in Receipt of Important Letters Which Are Too Long for Our Limited Space. Brevity Is Desirable.*

### An Interesting Question

EDITOR OF LIFE:

The New York Times, though very careful in its statements as to what the doctors are going to do for us some day, when all these wonderful discoveries come up to expectation, in its edition of last Sunday sort of shocked its trusting readers by the injudicious use of the word "experiment" in relation to another preventive discovery.

In the article the distinguished professor urges "more extensive experiment" with the serum, and indicates that "wholesale" treatment by injections, which must be made "at least twice within a fortnight", is to follow.

The question naturally incited by this article is "on whom shall we experiment"?

In another column we read that the "internes and nurses" in Paris are protesting against inoculation of typhoid serum into their person, claiming it causes death in some cases and is unsatisfactory. In another column it is contended that the family vaccinated with the typhoid serum is not suffering from meningitis, but from typhoid fever.

Would it not be the proper course to vaccinate all the doctors and nurses with all the serums, etc., which are pumped

into a poor victim, because the doctors, etc., come into touch with all diseases? Might it not be interesting to know why the Times lends its columns to so many articles advertising the doctors and defending the failure of these filthy methods?

INQUIRER.

NEW YORK,  
June 1, 1914.

### A Good Suggestion

EDITOR LIFE,

Dear Sir:

I have been reading LIFE for years and enjoyed it—but this is my first time to use it for a specific purpose. Even now I am afraid that you will not think the cause justifies the occasion of this letter.

What is the relation between the editors of magazines and the writers? Personally I think the editors do pretty much as they wish and the writers do pretty much as they can. Naturally, you will say, they being at the bat, as it were. But I do not mean in the manner of rejection slips—one gets used to them—at least, I have, but in the manner of the return of your manuscript.

The cry goes up—you know all about those "don'ts" for writers; that the manuscript must come neatly typewritten,

wide margins, etc., etc. Well, the poor writer, in order to make his wares the more salable, does all of those things. Then, lo and behold, here comes back your precious bit of travail and in such a condition! My own are sent out—perfectly flat, small envelope holding return stamps, cardboard each side—and arranged in such manner that they could be returned in same protected envelope. But they come folded in half, and not even creased evenly. Small manila envelope—no protection to keep the edges from turning under, etc. You might tell me that the only protection is to write the story so well that it will not be returned. But hope springs eternal in the human breast—each time we hope.

Now, I have had three short stories accepted and have published two books. This is told you in order to let you know that I am not a "sorehead". I have had several feature articles lately in the *American Magazine*. And yet I feel the hurt to a manuscript that it took hours of precious time to copy. The *Illustrative Magazine*, of Buffalo, sent me manuscript in in a tattered condition, and last month the *Metropolitan* sent mine back in similar style. Yet that magazine advertises itself as the "Livest in America".

Is LIFE too busy to take up cudgels for the weaker party? And can LIFE tell me what can remedy conditions? I speak for many who have identical trials.

LIFE has had so many sermons in stones that LIFE has come to be a serious magazine to me. Please make a fight against this evil and accept the blessings of all would-be authors in these United States.

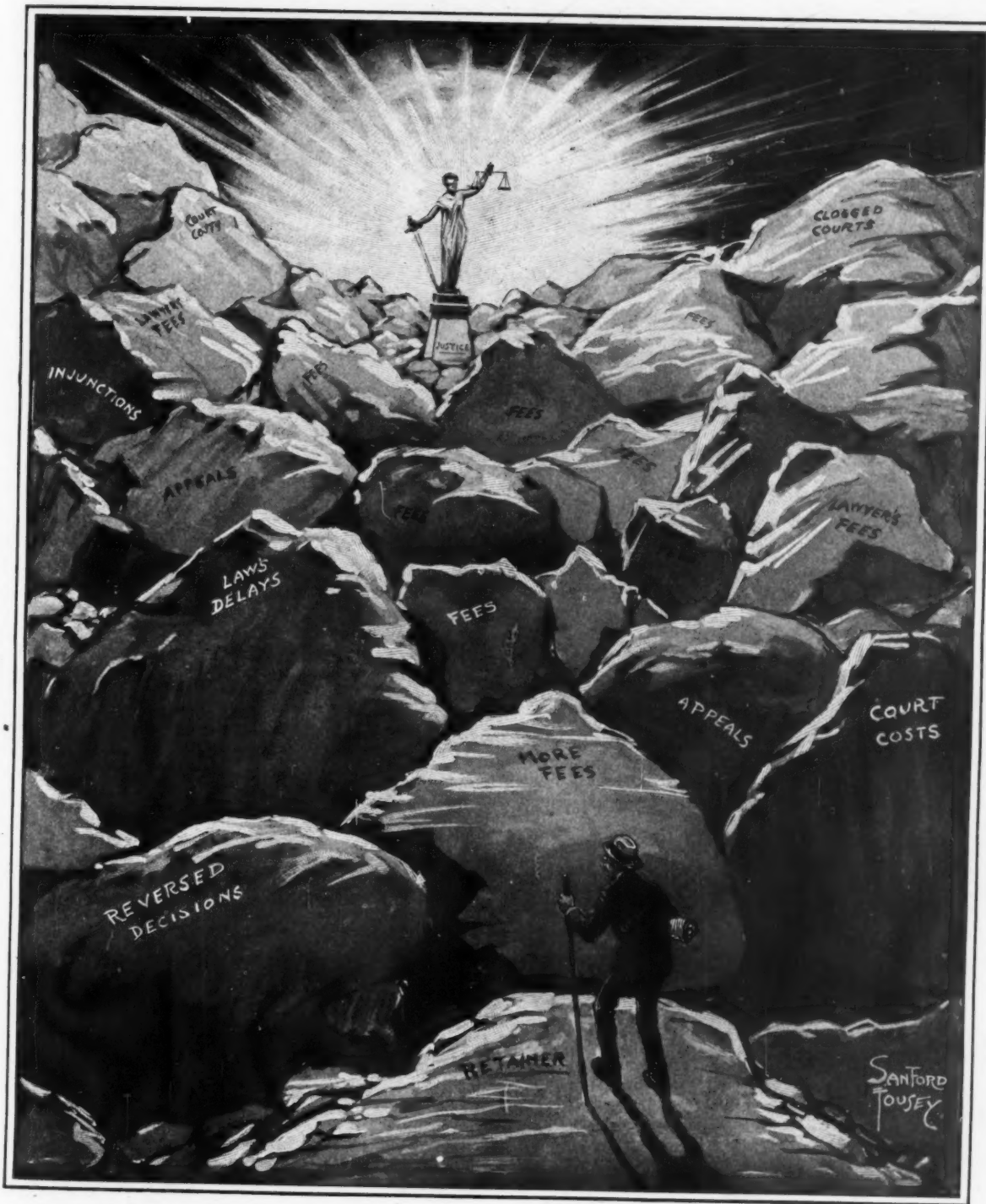
Very truly,

ELLA HUTCHISON ELLWANGER.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.,  
June 2, 1914.



The Monkey: GREAT SCOTT! AND THEY SAY THAT ORIGINATED WITH US!





THE ROAD TO JUSTICE



### An Honored Guest

"No man is as well known as he thinks he is," says Caruso. "I was motoring on Long Island recently. My car broke down, and I entered a farmhouse to get warm. The farmer and I chatted, and when he asked my name I told him modestly that it was Caruso. At that name he threw up his hands.

"'Caruso!' he exclaimed. 'Robinson Caruso, the great traveler! Little did I expect ever to see a man like you in this here humble kitchen, sir!'"

—Tit-Bits.

### Small Choice

PAT: Yis, sorr, wur-rk is scarce, but Oi got a job last Sunday that brought me foive dollars.

MR. GOODMAN: What! you broke the Sabbath?

PAT (apologetically): Well, sorr, 'twas wan av us had t' be broke.

—Boston Transcript.



BASEBALL TERM  
POOR SUPPORT

### A Few Best Sellers

The principal character in the following dialogue was not engaged in flirtation, but merely requisitioning a few novels:

YOUNG LADY (reading from list): "Engaged to Be Married"?

LIBRARIAN (referring to shelf): No, madam.

LADY: "Thou Art the Man"?

LIBRARIAN: Yes, madam.

LADY: Thank you. "Two Kisses"?

LIBRARIAN: Out, madam.

LADY: "After Dark"?

LIBRARIAN: Yes, madam.

LADY: Thanks. "Love Me Forever"?

LIBRARIAN: No. "Wooded and Married"?

LADY: No, thank you. "Under Love's Rule"?

LIBRARIAN: No, madam.

LADY: "Good-bye, Sweetheart"?

Thank you very much.

—The Books of To-day and To-morrow.

### The Weaker Sex

Dr. Lyman Abbott, the anti-suffragist, said at an anti-suffrage tea in New York:

"They call woman the weaker sex.

Yet I have known more than one woman to bend a man's will during his life and break it after his death."

—Washington Star.

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. \$5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, \$1.04 a year; to Canada, 52 cents. Single current copies, 10 cents. Back numbers, after three months from date of publication, 25 cents. Issues prior to 1910 out of print.

No contribution will be returned unless accompanied by stamped and addressed envelope. LIFE does not hold itself responsible for the loss or non-return of unsolicited contributions.

LIFE is for sale by all newsdealers in Great Britain and may be obtained from booksellers in all the principal cities of the world. (The foreign trade supplied from LIFE'S London Office, Cannon House, Breems Buildings, London, E. C.)

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Prompt notification should be sent by subscribers of any change of address

10,138 Miles!

Another Customer Writes:

"I am returning to you by bearer the 36x4½ Englebert purchased in July, 1913. This, the first shoe you sold me, has covered a total of 10,138 miles on my Packard, and I thought you might like to examine it.

"Your product is what I call a 'real tyre'."

## The Glorious West

OF all locations, I love best  
Our great and glorious golden  
West.

The sort of life they live out there  
Keeps one out in the open air.

I love to see the cowboys stride  
O'er pike and peak. Or else they ride  
A bucking broncho or mustang  
And join a fierce and fearsome gang.  
The cowboys all wear lovely suits,  
With sharp, spiked holsters on their  
boots,

And buckskin lassos, trimmed with  
fringe.

They're never known to blench or  
cringe,

But to a foe they say, "Drop that!"  
And shoot him with their lariat.

The cowboys are so good and brave  
The lives of sweet young girls they  
save,

And standing in their ranch's door  
They shoot marauders by the score.

And picking up his wounded pal  
He lays him safe in the corral!

Then there are thrilling scenes indeed,  
When the Sombrero mounts his steed,  
And ranges o'er his pronto claim

To brand the cattle with their shame!  
Then he encounters in a den  
A band of big bloodthirsty men,

Who just 'play cards and smoke and  
drink,

They call them Coyotes, I think.  
But, anyway, they fight and rage  
Until they're all pushed off the stage.

Oh, all about the West I know;  
I've seen the Moving-Picture Show.

Carolyn Wells.

## Cæsar Is Dead

Cæsar, the favorite dog of the late King Edward VII, is dead. Many recall this famous little wire-haired fox terrier that followed directly behind the coffin at the King's funeral. Cæsar had been, for years, a most devoted friend of the King and went with him everywhere. The dog wore, attached to his collar, a silver medal inscribed: "I am Cæsar, the King's Dog."

After the death of the King, Cæsar was inconsolable and for several days refused all food. He recovered his



MARION AUTOMOBILE ON TOUR FROM INDIANA TO PACIFIC COAST

## Are You the Owner of One of the Cars Listed Below?

**T**HEN you have learned the dependability of the Westinghouse Systems. You have the confidence that comes from a spinning start EVERY time you press the starter button. You know how sure you feel of an ignition system that furnishes a hot spark for each cylinder EVERY time. Your readiness for a run on the darkest night comes from your faith that the Westinghouse Electric lighted lamps will throw every object in the road in brightest relief EVERY foot of the way.

Your confidence in the systems is well placed and your expression of it to your friends who expect to own cars is a favor to them.

### Westinghouse Electric Systems Starting—Lighting—Ignition

are the product of a corps of THOROUGH engineers backed by a THOROUGH factory organization. The Systems have passed the severest tests these engineers could give and they have passed the tests of the best automobile engineers in the business.

Tell your friends to select their new car from this list. There is one for every purpose and purse.

\*Austin Automobile Co.  
\*A. C. Barley Co., "Halladay"  
\*The Bartholomew Co., Glide  
†J. I. Case T. M. Co.  
†Chadwick Engineering Works  
†Chandler Motor Car Co.  
\*Geo. W. Davis Motor Car Co.  
\*Dorris Motor Car Co.

†F. I. A. T.  
\*Herreshoff Motor Co.  
†Hupp Motor Car Co.  
†The Locomobile Co. of America  
\*W. H. McIntyre Co.  
\*Marion Motor Car Co.  
†Moreland Motor Truck Co.

\*The Motor Car Mfg. Co., "Pathfinder"  
†The Norwalk Motor Car Co.  
†Palmer & Singer Mfg. Co.  
†The Pierce Arrow Motor Car Co.  
†Fullman Motor Car Co.  
†The Richards Auto Mfg. Co.  
\*Speedwell Motor Car Co.  
†Standard Steel Car Co.

\*Starting, Lighting, and Ignition. †Starting and Lighting. ‡Lighting and Ignition.

Sold to automobile manufacturers only  
Full information sent on request

### Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company Automobile Equipment Department

Main Office, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Forty-five Offices: Service Stations in Principal Cities



## Mother Wasn't Worried

"Not at all anxious. Just pinned my faith to that little wire rope and it got us home just lovely."

Nothing like Basline Autowline to get you home when your motor won't. Nothing like it to pull a ditched car into the road or a stalled car to the top of a hill.

### Basline Autowline

"The Little Steel Rope With The Big Pull"  
makes motoring more certain. About 25 feet of pencil size, tough, flexible Yellow Strand wire rope—a flat coil that goes under a cushion. Ask your supply dealer about it now—before you need it. Sold everywhere. Price, east of Rocky Mountains, \$3.95.

FREE: Fine illustrated Autowline circular. Write for it.

Eroderick & Bascom Rope Co.

808 N. Second Street, St. Louis, Mo.

New York Office, 760, Warren Street

Manufacturers of famous Yellow Strand Wire Rope



spirits, after a time, and became as much attached to Queen Alexandria as he had been to the King.

—The National Humane Review.

"Do you try to make home life pleasant for your son?"

"Yes," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "But it's mighty hard to live up to the refined ways he insists on. I'm annoyin' him terrible because when I'm workin' around the barn I keep forgettin' to refer to the hayloft as the mezzanine floor."

—Washington Star.



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### A Substantial Existence

The pastor of a well-known Boston church was calling a short while ago on a dear old lady, one of the "pillars" of the church to which they both belonged. Looking upon her sweet, motherly face, which bore few tokens of her ninety-three years of earthly pilgrimage, he was moved to ask her: "My dear Mrs. Adams, what has been the chief source of your wonderful strength and sustenance during all these years? What do you consider has been the real basis of your extraordinary vigor of mind and body, and has been to you an unflinching comfort through joys and sorrows which must come to all of God's creatures? Tell me, that I may pass the secret to others, and, if possible, profit by it myself."

The good pastor waited with unusual eagerness for the old lady's reply, which she gave, after a moment's reflection, while her kindly old eyes were dimmed with tears.

"Victuals," she answered, briefly.  
—*Harper's.*

### Tender-Hearted

"He is the most tender-hearted man I ever saw."

"Kind to animals?"

"I should say so. Why, when he found the family cat insisted on sleeping in the coal-bin, he immediately ordered a ton of soft coal."—*Tit-Bits.*

### Too Often

According to the *Washington Star*, Mr. George Ade was sitting with a little girl of eight, who looked up from her "Hans Christian Andersen" and asked:

"Does m-i-r-a-g-e spell marriage, Mr. Ade?"

"Often, my child," said the cynical bachelor.—*Youth's Companion.*

Comfort Without Extravagance, Hotel Woodstock, New York

GABE: He claims he is a descendant of a great family.

STEVE: Yes, and he is still descending.—*Cincinnati Enquirer.*

**Milo**

The EGYPTIAN CIGARETTE of QUALITY

25 Cents  
for a Quarter of a Century

Cork Tips in the Milo Yellow Label Box

A soft, rich whiskey  
with the flavor  
of an old vintage.  
Old fashioned distillation—ripened  
by age only.

Bottled  
in Bond

**PEBBLEFORD**  
Old Fashioned  
Quality  
Kentucky Bourbon

CLEAR SPRING DISTILLING CO.  
BOURBON, NELSON COUNTY, KY.

### Troublesome Gender

The trouble that Latin gender gives to American boys and girls who are struggling with the rudiments of that tongue should inspire in them a sympathetic feeling for a small descendant of the race of Attila who found the gender of our English nouns and pronouns a stumbling block. A solid little figure trudged up to the librarian in the children's room. "That little boy," he declared, indicating the rest of the room vaguely with his thumb, "he hit me."

The "liberry teacher" followed him back across the room until the accusing thumb halted near a table where sat a guilty-looking child about half the size of the plaintiff.

The accuser explained: "That little boy, she hit me. That little boy is a little girl; but he has short hair, and when I point at him, she hits me."

—*Youth's Companion.*



"GEE! I GUESS I WON'T FOLLOW HIM.  
HE SMELLS LIKE A DOCTOR"

Common Drinking Cups are prohibited by law in most States. Many of the largest corporations, business houses and factories in the U. S. are showing consideration for their employees by supplying them with Baldwin "Finback" Drinking Cups.

Baldwin Finback Cups are the one means for obtaining a clean, safe drink in the office, hotel, on the train or steamer, at the picnic or when shopping. Our handy (self-dispensing) TAK-A-KUP cartons, ready to hang up by the faucet, cooler or spring furnished free with every 250 cups at 80 cents, postpaid, or dealers can furnish them.

Sample cups free.

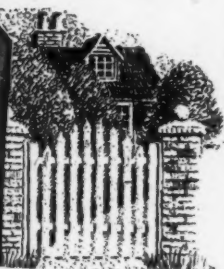
UNITED STATES ENVELOPE CO., Cup Dept., G. WORCESTER, MASS.  
or STONE & FORSYTH CO., DISTRIBUTERS, BOSTON, MASS.

**BALDWIN  
FINBACK  
DRINKING CUP**

WATER HITS HERE  
OPENS AND FILLS  
THE CUP



*The Perfume of Old-Fashioned Gardens and Tender Memories*



## Lilas de Rigaud Talcum

A TOILET powder of exquisite refinement for habitual use. It creates about the person a perpetual atmosphere of fragrant old-time gardens.

Made by Rigaud, of world-wide fame. In sanitary glass jar, sifter top, 50c.

Also Lilas de Rigaud extract, toilet water, face powder, cold cream and bath salt. At all high-class toilet goods departments.

Send 15 cents to Riker-Hegeman,  
346 West Fourth St., New York,  
for sample bottle of extract.

**RIGAUD**

16 Rue de la Paix, Paris



INDOOR SPORTS

## RECIPE FOR AN IDEAL OUTING

A fine day, a well-filled hamper,  
and a supply of

**Evans' Ale**

to while away the glorious hours under a spreading tree. Under a shady tree, a bottle of Evans' Ale and Me"—that's touching elbows with the acme of Summer Happiness. Try it and see.

Any dealer will supply the Ale.

H. EVANS & SONS, Established 1786, Hudson, N. Y.

## Rhymed Reviews

### Diane of the Green Van

(By Leona Dalrymple. The Reilly & Britton Co.)

DIANE possessed all kinds of tin;  
She might have had a flock of  
motors,  
But used a van to travel in!  
(And still these women would be  
voters!)

A gipsy van all painted green  
Conveyed the wander-footed lassie  
Along the bowered roads between  
Connecticut and Tallahassee,

While, rolling after, brave and gay,  
Her knight when aught of ill as-  
sailed her,  
Enthroned upon a load of hay  
The snubbed yet loving Philip trailed  
her.

For Danger lowered near: You see,  
This girl who had the roving mania  
Was secretly believed to be  
The Future Queen of proud Hous-  
dania;

And wicked, black-browed Ronador,  
The Heir-Apparent, watched and  
waited  
To find a chance to shoot her, or  
To have the girl assassinated.

But Ronador, the naughty Prince,  
Succumbed to sweet Diane's perfec-  
tion,  
And slandered faithful Philip, since  
He feared lest Phil was Di's selec-  
tion.

Then Di was prey to Darksome Doubt  
And Phil became the watchful waiter.  
But by and by the truth came out  
And Ronador was proved a traitor.

And Di was not a Queen at all,  
And all the Bad, their lunges parried,  
Reformed and owned their grievous  
fall,  
And all the Noble Folks were mar-  
ried.

'Twas quite a job to get this thread  
Of major action disentangled;  
I can't remember when I've read  
A tale so wild and badly mangled,—

And yet it won a golden purse!  
Ten thousand dollars!—Sad pe-  
rusers,  
Just think! five hundred books were  
worse!—

Thank God, we needn't read the  
losers!

Arthur Guiterman.



## Face Charm

The outline of the features does not in itself constitute the chief charm of a face. It is the 'something more' that is made up of expression, grace, color and complexion, that gives the true distinctive note.

The tone of the face is almost exclusively a matter of the complexion; and it is in the cult of the complexion that

## Pears' Soap

holds the position of preeminence in every part of the world. It has done more for the spread of face charm than any other known agent.

The most celebrated beauties of the last hundred and twenty years have testified to its matchless power in preserving and improving the complexion, and the skin specialists have said the same.

The charm of a beautiful complexion is the natural result of the use of Pears, which surpasses all other soaps in skin-beautifying properties and economy.

The Great English Complexion Soap

# Ideal

## POWER LAWN MOWER

### \$375.00

It is a wonder that no one thought of such a lawn mower as this before. Mr. R. E. Olds, the famous automobile designer, invented and perfected the Ideal Power Lawn Mower, and it will do for you what it is doing for many others.

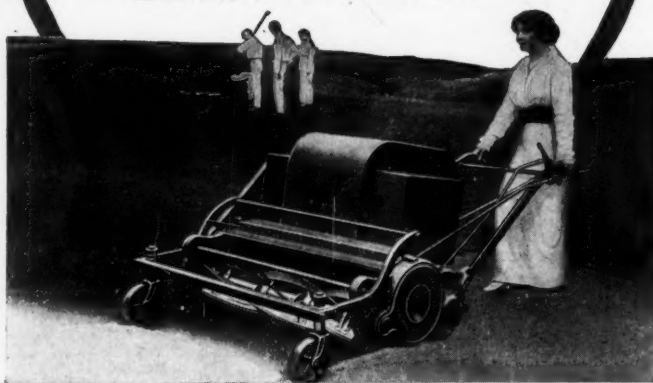
Its 35-inch cut makes quick work of lawn-mowing. It is handled easily. The operator has only to guide it. It trims neatly and cleanly around flower beds, walks, and under shrubbery. It takes sharp grades, hillsides and terraces with ease. It rolls the turf as well as cutting the grass, leaving a perfect, velvety lawn.

The Ideal Power Lawn Mower is just the thing for parks, boulevards, golf courses and country places. It is fast displacing the lawn-spoiling, horse-drawn mowers and heavy, clumsy, power mowers costing \$1200 and up.

Write at once for our beautiful booklet, "Lawns of Velvet," and learn more about this efficient, low-priced mower.

THE IDEAL POWER LAWN MOWER CO., 408 Kalamazoo St., Lansing, Mich.

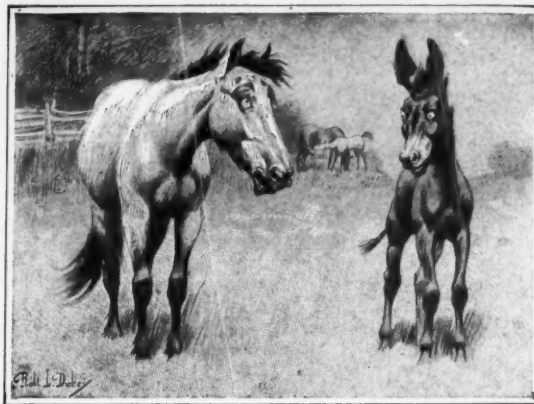
Eastern Canadian Agents: Reo Sales Co., St. Catharines, Ont.  
Canadian Price, \$486, F. O. B. Cars, Lansing, Mich., Duty Paid



Don't All Speak at Once

For the bound volume of LIFE for the last six months of 1913, which is ready. Of course, you don't want the loose copies scattered all over the house, where they are likely to be read by irresponsible people. You want them permanently confined in a handsome binding. The cost is \$4.00 per volume. If the loose copies are returned an allowance of \$2.00 is made. The bindings are full black, green and gold, and maroon and gold.

LIFE, 17 West 31st Street, New York City



"GREAT HEAVENS, CHILD! YOU NEVER GOT THOSE EARS  
FROM MY SIDE OF THE HOUSE"

### The Road to Vagabondia

'E WAS sittin' on a doorstep,  
As I went strollin' by;  
A lonely little beggar  
With a wistful, 'omesick eye—  
An' 'e weren't the kind you'd borrow,  
An' 'e weren't the kind you'd steal,  
But I guessed 'is 'cart was breakin',  
So I wistled 'im to 'eel.

They 'ad stoned 'im through the city streets, and naught the  
city cared,  
But I was 'eadin' out'ard, and the roads are sweeter shared,  
So I took 'im for a comrade, and I wistled 'im away—  
On the road to Vagabondia, that lies across the day!

Yellow dog 'e was; but bless you—  
'E was just the chap for me!  
For I'd ruther 'ave an inch o' dog  
Than miles o' pedigree.  
So we stole away together,  
On the road that 'as no end,  
With a new-coined day to fling away  
And all the stars to spend!

Oh, to walk the road at mornin', when the wind is blowin'  
clean,  
An' the yellow daisies fling their gold across a world o'  
green—  
For the wind it 'eals the 'eartaches, an' the sun it dries the  
scars,  
On the road to Vagabondia that lies beneath the stars.

'Twas the Wonder o' the Going  
Cast a spell about our feet—  
An' we walked because the world was young,  
Because the way was sweet;  
An' we slept in wild-rose meadows  
By the little wayside farms,  
'Till the Dawn came up the 'ighroad  
With the dead moon in 'er arms.

Oh, the Dawn it went before us through a shinin' lane o'  
skies,  
And the Dream was at our 'eartstrings, an' the Light was  
in our eyes,  
An' we made no boast of glory an' we made no boast o'  
birth,  
On the road to Vagabondia that lies across the earth!

F. Dana Burnet.

for Dog:





**LIKLY**  
ESTABLISHED 1888  
HENRY  
CO. MAKERS  
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

**"Never mind!  
It's a Likly Trunk  
and guaranteed  
for 5 Years."**

Send for 128 Page Catalogue  
Henry Likly & Co. Rochester, N.Y.

important matter of nourishment, is it not true that for many years now the milkman has been silently usurping the place once occupied by mother? How many babies all over the country now depend upon the milkman for their daily bread, when mother was the one who used to supply it?

Every milkman should be known by the cows he keeps. It would then be established beyond peradventure that he does not lead the adulterated life.

### Let Us Praise Milkmen!

**W**HY should milkmen be abused? For many years now in the columns of the press and comic papers these gentle creatures have been held up to an undeserved contumely. They have for so long been associated with pumps, rainstorms and chalk cliffs that all semblance of the real milkman has been lost. Let us make at least an honest attempt to restore them to their rightful place.

From the very nature of their calling milkmen are obliged to lead lives of alabaster purity. They have to get up so early in the morning that they cannot sit up late the night before. We do not see groups of milkmen lounging around tables in popular cafés drinking highballs. No milkman can afford to do this, because it requires a steady hand to place methodically on the back stoop of half a hundred domiciles early morning groups of milk bottles. No milkman worthy of the name plays poker or dances the tango.

And reflect for a moment upon the accumulated strength of character acquired by every milkman who succeeds in getting up every morning before sunrise. Most of us shameless creatures who are so ready to ridicule the milkman are scarcely able to drag ourselves down to breakfast in time to get the 8:30 train. And in the



Dog: HE MUST HAVE SOME PEDIGREE  
WITH THOSE LEGS



**PURITY**

**Don't expose  
This Beer to  
Light**

*Beer in a Light Bottle*

**Keep this  
cover on**

## Why Risk Decay?

Pure beer is food.

Light starts decay even in pure beer.

Any beer in a light bottle is exposed to danger of impurity.

Why should you risk this decay?

Why should any brewer ask you to?

Schlitz Brown Bottle keeps out light and protects the purity.

No skunky taste in Schlitz.

Get

**Schlitz** in Brown Bottles

**The Beer**

See that Crown  
is branded  
"Schlitz"

Order a Case Today

**That Made Milwaukee Famous**



**INSURE YOUR LUGGAGE!**  
Whether a brief vacation or an extended tour our Baggage Policy enables you to travel with a care-free mind and thoroughly enjoy every minute of your trip.

**Costs but a few cents a day  
May save hundreds of dollars**

Indemnifies you against loss from fire, theft, transportation, etc., in custody of railroad, express company, steamship, hotel or clubhouse. We are the oldest joint stock Insurance Company in America and guarantee prompt settlement.

**FREE** Attractive *bon voyage* booklet "Things to remember while traveling"

**INSURANCE COMPANY OF NORTH AMERICA**  
236 Walnut St., Philadelphia

Capital \$4,000,000 Surplus \$8,500,000

## L. B. N.

LIFE'S baseball nine has been equipped with new uniforms, and, as usual, is ready to meet all comers. On May 23d it played the most remarkable game of this or any other season, against the Stillson Style Team. The score stood 15 to 15 when the game was called on account of darkness.



"WERE YOU LOOKING FOR SOME ONE?"

## Titles

RECENTLY there has been some objection in England over the traffic in titles, which appears to be somewhat scandalous. It is not that so many astonishingly mediocre men necessarily want to be lords (according to Mr. O. Locker-Lampson), but only that their wives want to be ladies. It also appears that the business of supplying American heiresses with titled husbands is one not to be neglected. If making a dull person, who has never been of any earthly use to anybody, a lord gives him the power to bring over another fortune to the mother country, is this not worth while?

Another reason is that the nobility must be preserved by bringing in fresh blood. Inasmuch as the average member of the House of Lords is the dullest human being yet classified, it is natural that care should be taken not to have him recruited by anyone overstocked with brains.



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### Wanted a Little Praise Himself

Following a disastrous fire in a Western city, many men and women gathered to look at the ruins. Some of the men, seeing that a wall near which they were standing was toppling, made haste to get out of the way, and narrowly escaped being crushed.

Johnny Brabison, a good Irish citizen, was so near the wall that he could not escape with the others. So, whirling about, he made for a door in the wall, burst through it, and come out on the other side safe, and evidently very proud of his exploit. Women who had shut their eyes and shrieked when they saw his danger now gathered round him in great joy, and cried out:

"Praise heaven, Johnny Brabison! Down on your knees, and thank heaven!"

"Yis, yis," said he, "and I will, but wasn't it *injaneyous* in me, now?"

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### The Only One

ONE bright day in autumn a lot of Problems were sitting by the roadside. They were financial, social, personal, civic and many others.

"I wish somebody would come along and solve us," said one Problem. "I'm getting frightfully tired."

At this moment a Reformer came along.

"I will solve you," said the Reformer. "Take your turns. Line forms on the right."

He tried thus to stimulate some excitement, but nobody moved.

"You can't fool us again," said one of the Problems. "We've seen you before."

The Reformer was followed by a Politician.

"I will solve you," said the politician. "After you have made your campaign contributions I shall be glad to begin."

There being no enthusiasm and no contributions, he naturally went away and was, in turn, succeeded by a Psychologist, a Philosopher, a Political Economist, a Lawmaker and an Author.

"Move on!" screamed the Problems. "We've seen your tricks before."

Then there came one so young, so fair, so attractive and so preoccupied that, although he did not seem to be profound, the Problems were all drawn to him.

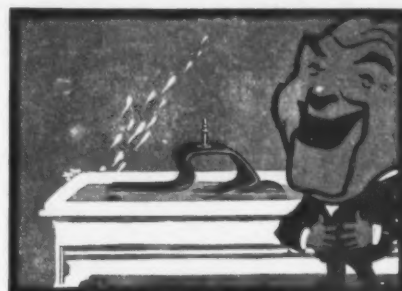
"Solve us," said the Problems.

The stranger, who had been singing to himself, turned and shook his head.

"Nobody can do that," he replied. "They've all tried and failed. Besides, you ought not to be solved. Why, my friends, if you should all be solved you'd vanish, and there would be nothing interesting to live for. No, I won't solve you, but I will do something better—I will come nearer than anyone else in the world to telling you what you really are."

"Good!" said all the Problems, clapping their hands, for they perceived that he was the only real thing they had seen.

And then the Poet sang to them.



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## Books Received

*Caspar's Technical Dictionary of the English and German Languages.* (C. N. Caspar Co., Milwaukee, Wis.)

*Toaster's Handbook*, compiled by Peggy Edmund and Harold Workman Williams. (The H. W. Wilson Co.)

*The Titan*, by Theodore Dreiser. (John Lane Co. \$1.40.)

*The Dry Fly and Fast Water*, by Geo. M. L. La Branche. (Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.)

*Chance in Chains*, by Guy Thorne. (Sturgis & Walton Co. \$1.00.)

*Business—A Profession*, by Louis D. Brandeis. (Small, Maynard & Co., Boston, Mass. \$2.00.)

*Animals in Social Captivity*, by Richard Clough Anderson. (Stewart & Kidd Co., Cincinnati, O.)

*A, B, C of Salesmanship*, by Thomas D. Rust. (R. F. Fenno & Co.)

*Candle Flame*, a play, by Katharine Howard. (Sherman, French & Co., Boston, Mass.)

*Sunshine and Roses*, by Edwin P. Haworth. (Rockhill Art Publishers, Kansas City, Mo.)

*The True Adventures of a Play*, by Louis Evans Shipman. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.)

*Intermediate Types Among Primitive Folk*, by Edward Carpenter. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.00.)

*Nova Hibernia, Irish Poets and Dramatists of To-day and Yesterday*, by Michael Monahan. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.50.)

*At the Sign of the Van*, by Michael Monahan. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$2.00.)

*New Men for Old*, by Howard Vincent O'Brien. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.25.)

*Great Days*, by Frank Harris. (Mitchell Kennerley. \$1.35.)

## Not a Native Abbott

SOME people harbor the supposition that Leonard D. Abbott, the philosophical hobo, whose name we see so often connected with those of Upton Sinclair and Bill Haywood, is a son of Dr. Lyman Abbott, who imbibed by inheritance an overdose of altruism and went wrong in the direction of humanitarian agitation.

But that is not so. Leonard D. neither derives from Lyman nor is related to him. Leonard is an Englishman, born in Liverpool in 1878, who slipped past Ellis Island in 1897. He is strong for free speech, Francisco Ferrer, the late Thomas Paine and such inspirations, and is down in the catalogue as "prominently identified with the socialist movement". Any credit that anybody has given to the Lyman Abbott family on his account should be withdrawn, as also any credit given to him on their account. Doubtless he is a gentleman of high deserts, but he is an imported Abbott, not a native one.

TREAT your friends as you do your bank account. Don't be reckless with them just because you've got them."

—Detroit Free Press.

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